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THE LORD MAYOR'S SHOW: QUEEN ELIZABETH.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

It appears from a pleasant paper in *Lippincott* for November that all authors do not write distinctly: it gives examples, indeed, of some who do, but not so many as one could wish. The worst writer on this side of the Atlantic was of course Dean Stanley. He undertook to contribute to a New York magazine some article on a topic of the day. "The paper was written and duly received, but not only was it undecipherable to the editor, but to all his staff." No one in all America could find out what the Dean had written; "finally the MS. was returned to England, and then the timeliness of the subject had evaporated." A better story still is told of Horace Greeley's penmanship. He was asked to lecture in Illinois, and wrote back, "I am overworked and growing old. I shall be sixty next February third. On the whole I must decline to lecture henceforth except in this immediate vicinity." The lecture committee and many others sat, like a coroner's jury, upon this communication (for it was almost a dead letter to them), and flattered themselves they had, at last, deciphered it. They wrote back, "Your acceptance to lecture before this institution has come to hand. Your penmanship not being of the plainest, it took some time to translate it, but we succeeded, and would say your time, 'third of February,' and terms sixty dollars, are satisfactory. As you suggest, we may get you other engagements in this immediate vicinity." This is capital, yet it hardly beats an old story one remembers of Greeley, that tells how, as secretary of a railway company, he sent notice to quit to some householder whose tenement was to come down, and who, not knowing what to make of the letter, imagined it must be "a free pass," and travelled on the line gratis for a twelvemonth without remonstrance from anybody.

In the same periodical there is a statement of the incomes paid to American editors, which will make English ones' mouths water. The editor of the *New York World*, we are told, has £4000 a year, and another a salary "too magnificent to mention." Many of us would be quite content, however, with a stipend suitable for publication.

It is seldom, even in these days of "good report," when the special correspondent tells us all he sees (and more) with such graphic fidelity, that he describes a scene in the fittest words; something is often lost through technicality or a devotion to local colour. In the narration of a prize-fight, for example, the "conk" and the "claret" are dwelt upon with a detail that detracts from the otherwise Homeric story. The new pugilistic journalism has, however, amended this: it gives the simple truth with honest enthusiasm. "It was a fight from start to finish," we read of a recent encounter at Kennington; "and had the spectators paid treble the amount charged for admission, they could not have seen a better one. Throughout the twelve rounds the pair went at it like demons." This is the whole history of "the fancy" and its patrons (diversified, however, by fraud) in a nutshell.

A picture by Rubens has been discovered painted on cedar-wood, but its merit had remained unacknowledged because the master's monogram had escaped observation. In art it is not the Beautiful, but the True (i.e. the authenticated), which is the object of admiration. It must be a charming surprise to find oneself the possessor of the portrait of a lady—some "canvas-backed duck" of whom one never thought much—worth five thousand pounds, because it has initials upon it. On the other hand, there is a reverse to the picture: to find the priceless work by the old master that has been hanging in your gallery for four or five generations a palpable copy. The Royal Academicians who go round our country mansions every year selecting "examples" for the year's exhibition tell us queer tales. Sometimes the proprietor himself has sold the heirloom, and had a copy hung in its place; sometimes he never had the original. In either case, it is not a pleasant piece of information to break to him. As a rule, I am told, it is the old housekeepers, in such stiff silk that you dare not offer them silver, who are most outraged. The tale they have told to visitors so often must be correct, they think—like the lady in "Alice in Wonderland" who says, "When I have said it three times it's true." Some really genuine old pictures, however, are still to be picked up in country houses cheap. Like the castle on the coast which the sea is invading, nobody can tell (except the owner) why it is so readily parted with, and the purchaser imagines he has got a great bargain. Still it goes from hand to hand with increasing velocity. "A thing of beauty is a joy for ever," but not when it is a painting the colours of which are fading every week.

An individual bent on burglary in a civil-service store has been found halfway down a "sugar shoot," in a condition so much below par as to "require stimulants." He had commenced his descent early on the previous evening, in order to have plenty of time for his operations, and all night long, from the moment when he found the shoot (like the travelled mind) "grew narrower in going farther," had been vainly endeavouring to attract attention to his unpleasant position. One doubts whether it has ever had a parallel. The classic phrase about *facilis descensus* must have struck him as singularly infelicitous. He may have found some consolation in sucking the sugar that no doubt lined his prison walls; but "one cannot live"—even for eight hours—"on sweetmeats," especially with no resting-place for the soles of one's feet. I wonder what the poor fellow thought about! His Past—the broad end of the shoot; his Present—the pinch in which he found himself; or his Future, which at best must be a police-cell. Such accidents have occurred in chimneys, but circumstances (as in the case of Mrs. Nickleby's lover) have called attention to them. He was supposed by one pair of indifferent ears to be "only rats." Let us hope that his "solitary imprisonment with hard labour," (for he kicked

prodigiously) already endured will diminish his legal sentence, and that when he comes out of jail he will write his experiences. "Thoughts in a Sugar Shoot" would be a taking title, and undoubtedly original.

Suicide in cabs is getting to be quite a common event, but the strictures made upon the fact by certain scribes are rather unusual. They do not, like the Alderman immortalised by Dickens, propose to "put down" the offence altogether; but they protest against its being committed in a public conveyance. If omnibuses were chosen by these unfortunates for the shuffling off their mortal coil, there would be a good deal in the objection; but nobody, surely, shares a cab when he takes his last drive? To all intents and purposes, it is a private vehicle. What folly it is to talk of the "inconsiderateness" of these unhappy persons! Indeed, so far as it goes, they show a certain sense of consideration in leaving money in their pockets to defray any damage they may do. Can it be expected that they should consult the public convenience in selecting their last scene? They have probably something else to think about. What is really strange is that hitherto these catastrophes have taken place in hansoms, and not in four-wheelers. One would have thought that, in respect of privacy—let alone a certain atmospheric gloom in consonance with so tragic an intention—the latter vehicle would have suggested itself. The choice, at all events, is singularly opposed to Johnson's apothegm of the exhilaration of mind caused by moving rapidly through the air.

There are certain things—obvious enough, one would think—that seem to escape the notice of everybody. A thousand books, for instance, have been written about the United States, and in none of them, so far as I know, has the curious fact been noted that there are no notices of "Births" in American newspapers: the population, like a famous juvenile member of it, "guess they grow"; and to one individual alone, of exceptional intelligence, am I indebted for the information that "throughout that vast continent there is no such thing as a dish-cover." It is no one's duty, as in the case of the head-waiter at the Cock, "to serve the hot and hot"; the banquet is tepid. It has now been reserved for a correspondent in one of our popular periodicals to remark, for the first time, that he never met a stammering woman. It may be rather humiliating to those who pique themselves on "the habit of observation," but when they come to think of it they must acknowledge this to be the case. It is easy for the cynic to say that it is only to be expected, since ladies are so fond of talking, that they should have no hesitation in their speech; but that is not a scientific statement. No doubt it will be urged—as in the famous case of the fish that was said not to displace the water in a vessel filled to the brim—that women *do* stammer. Perhaps half a dozen or so do so; I can only say that I have never heard one, and I have listened (with more or less of rapture) to five hundred thousand. A very, very few of them may have been at a loss for words (generally through tears), but they didn't stammer.

The mosaic work with which the way to a certain place is said to be "paved" has been the subject of much discussion, but its opposite—"bad intentions"—has received little notice. It has, indeed, been observed by theologians of the gentler class that since good resolves not carried into effect are ignored, or worse, it is to be hoped that bad resolves which do not come to anything may be also passed over. But the law is of a different opinion. The Court of Criminal Appeal did, indeed, decide some time ago that a man could not be convicted of an attempt to pick an empty pocket; but the "Court for the consideration of Crown cases reserved" has reversed that judgment. A young gentleman has been sentenced to imprisonment with hard labour for doing this very thing. Yet if he had intended to put something into the pocket, and didn't do it, he would not have been commended.

"A spring of natural Cologne with the perfume of patchouli" is said to have been discovered in Algiers: if so, I shall still prefer the artificial Cologne: who wants a spring of champagne with a "bouquet" of Marsala? That Nature's intentions were benignant we are nevertheless obliged to believe: "in this hot climate," she doubtless said to herself, "Cologne will be a refreshing scent; what else do people put on their pocket-handkerchiefs? While one is about it one may as well give them a second. Patchouli—I'll give 'em that." She had in her generous mind, I dare say, the proverb of not spoiling a ship for a pound of tar; but she had much better have omitted the tar. Science, however, even in the desert, will, perhaps, be equal to separating the Cologne from the patchouli. It is not for us mortals to dictate, but a spring of brandy and soda (with a little ice in it) would, one thinks, have been more acceptable.

"Newspapers and Soap," for a title to a paragraph upon advertising, is a little too ingenuous, but the thing described under it is noteworthy: it is the account of a testimonial presented to a gentleman who certainly stands at the head of his profession—if the science of advertising can so be called. As regards literary embellishment he has no rival: he has made Art the handmaid of Advertisement, and, as it is understood, has given the young woman good wages. Mr. Ruskin, it is said, detests pictorial advertisements, and prefers in all railway stations a dead wall. His imaginative mind no doubt peoples the vacant space with Turneresque pictures, cathedrals, or the portrait of an eminent writer. But this gift is not bestowed on everybody, and mere uncultured individuals can no more see beauty in bricks than sermons in stones: if the pictures are well done, as in many instances is now the case, they prefer the pictures.

In this matter of advertisement, however, Literature almost everywhere lags sadly behind Art. The appeal of the advertiser is, of course, made to the pocket; but why should it almost

exclusively do so through the eye? As a general rule, the letter-press that accompanies the pictorial embellishment is poor and depressing. One wonders why the importer, the manufacturer, the trader, who spend thousands a year in thus recommending their goods, should do so in such indifferent English and in so bald a style. They employ the pencils of Royal Academicians, but the pens of Grub-street. Perhaps in each case some member of the firm conceives he has a literary turn, and does these things himself. I wish he wouldn't. Why, if the eulogium is in verse, are not T. and B. (no, *not* B., for he is hardly a poet one can "run and read"), or S., or M., applied to for this purpose? As for prose—well, without mentioning even their initials, there are several admirable writers who, like Swift, could write upon a mop in an engaging manner. Some of them, too, have for years been used to advertising—themselves.

THE COURT.

The Queen has been leading an active life at Balmoral. She went out on the morning of Nov. 8, attended by the Hon. Ethel Cadogan and the Hon. Marie Adeane, and in the afternoon her Majesty drove with Princess Beatrice. Prince Henry of Battenberg left the Castle for London, en route to the Continent. On the 9th the Queen went out, accompanied by Princess Beatrice. Her Majesty drove with the Princess in the afternoon, attended by Miss McNeill. The Right Hon. C. T. Ritchie dined with the Queen and the Royal family. Divine service was conducted on Sunday morning, the 10th, by the Rev. Arthur Gordon, minister of St. Andrew's Parish, Edinburgh, in the presence of the Queen, Princess Beatrice, and the Royal Household. Her Majesty went out, accompanied by her Royal Highness Princess Beatrice. The Right Hon. C. T. Ritchie, the Rev. Archibald Campbell, and the Rev. Arthur Gordon dined with the Queen and the Royal family.

The Prince of Wales arrived at Athens on Nov. 7 from Egypt, and was met at the Piræus by the various Royal and Imperial guests of King George. On the 8th his Royal Highness visited the British and American Archaeological Schools at Athens. A dinner was given on the 9th at the Palace in honour of the Prince of Wales, whose birthday it was. The company included Sir E. and Lady Monson and the Secretaries of the British Legation. The British flag was flying over the Townhall, and in the evening the building was illuminated. The principal streets were illuminated with the electric light, and the balcony of the British Legation was prettily decorated with coloured lamps and a transparent device showing the Prince of Wales's feathers. A luncheon was given at the British Legation on the 10th to the Prince and Princess of Wales, at which the King and Queen of Greece and the Royal personages staying at Athens, to the number of eighteen, were present. Only a few toasts were drunk, King George proposing the toast of the Queen. The Prince and Princess of Wales, with their family and suite, took their departure from Athens on the morning of the 11th by special train for Patras, where the British Royal yacht Osborne was waiting to take them on board on their return voyage to Brindisi, en route for England. At the Athens railway station the British Minister, Sir E. Monson and Lady Monson, the Staff of the British Legation, M. Tricoupis and the other members of the Greek Cabinet, and the chief civic dignitaries, assembled to bid farewell to the Royal travellers, who all expressed themselves as delighted with their reception and sojourn in the Greek capital. The King of Greece and the Royal family, the King of Denmark, and the Czarevitch accompanied the British Princes and Princesses as far as Corinth, where the entire party alighted and took luncheon together, after which there was an affectionate farewell, the King of Greece and his other guests returning to Athens, and the Prince of Wales and his family resuming their journey by rail as far as Patras, whence the Osborne started for Brindisi in the afternoon. On the 12th they reached Brindisi, after a rough passage, and proceeded to Turin.—Windsor, King's Lynn, and Sandringham were gaily decorated on the 9th in honour of the Prince of Wales's birthday. The labourers on his Royal Highness's Sandringham estate were, as usual, entertained at dinner.

Prince Albert Victor arrived at Bombay on the morning of Nov. 9, and was received by the Duke of Connaught and the Governor. He met with an enthusiastic reception from the people, who observed the day as a public holiday. In the afternoon the Prince continued his journey to Poona, where he arrived in the evening, and was entertained at a banquet by Lord Reay. A Reuter's telegram from Poona states that two mischances, one of which at least might have had serious consequences, befell the Prince on the 11th. After holding a reception of native Princes, his Royal Highness ascended the Pabutti Hill on an elephant. The beast stumbled and fell, but Prince Albert Victor was able to dismount in safety. In returning later to Magdala House, the Prince drove in a carriage, the horses of which took fright and bolted. The carriage was damaged, but the Prince, fortunately, escaped without injury. In the evening his Royal Highness dined with the Duke of Connaught. The illuminations in the city were superb. The Prince held a review of troops at Poona on the morning of the 12th, and afterwards visited the Rajah of Kolapur. At night he attended a State ball at Ganeshkind.

The Lord Mayor had an interview on Nov. 7 with the Duke and Duchess of Fife, at their residence in Cavendish-square, and presented them, on behalf of the Corporation, with an address of congratulation on their marriage. The address was illuminated by Messrs. Blades, East, and Blades.

On Nov. 12 the Chancellor of the Exchequer presided in the Court of the Lord Chief Justice at the annual ceremony of nominating Sheriffs. For the first time Sheriffs were nominated for the county of London.

The Canadian Government, or the Department superintending the Customs Tariff, has recently notified its intention to apply the regulation which imposes a heavy tax on the importation of pictures to the Coloured Illustrations which accompany the Christmas Numbers of many periodical publications issued in this country. This novel proposal would have a most injurious effect on their sale in all the Provinces of the Canadian Dominion, with its population of five millions, who highly appreciate such cheap reproductions of works of art, bringing pleasant and graceful ornament, reminiscences of the Old Country, and means of instruction and refinement of taste to many remote Colonial homes. It is earnestly hoped that the Canadian Government will be induced to reconsider the matter. A deputation representing the leading illustrated papers of London had an interview with Sir Charles Tupper, the Agent-General for Canada in London, on Friday, Nov. 8, and their remonstrances were favourably heard. We trust that colonial public opinion will support the withdrawal of such a prejudicial measure.

BARNUM'S SHOW.

The great Phineas Barnum having exhausted the whole supply of English adjectives and played "fantastic tricks" with our old-world language in his tremendous programme, it becomes a difficult matter to treat the great show at Olympia, in the Addison-road, in a becoming manner. On one point all are pretty well agreed—Barnum gives us far too much for our money. So long as we have all time to do it in, and mental digestion sufficient to endure it, there may not be too much solid material after all; but the old objection "Don't all speak at once," so often insisted on in days of childhood, may be urged with still greater force down at Olympia. As corrected, it should surely stand "Don't all act at once." When Mr. Barnum would interest, he merely puzzles; when he would concentrate interest, he scatters it. It does not do to give three or four entertainments in one arena at one and the same time, and for two very good and sufficient reasons. In the first place, it is difficult to obtain three or four entertainments of equally attractive value. Some are dull—others are lively. Half the audience is in fits of laughter—the other half is as dull as ditch-water. This, in turn, causes jealousy, to be followed by despair. In the second place, the desire to look far ahead and notice what is amusing others, while in front of you there is nothing to look at, eventually causes distraction, bewilderment, or a splitting headache, which is not alleviated by the hideous noises of the most Barnumite band that ever played out of Bedlam, when it had broken loose. The "mightiest show on earth" may be briefly divided into three important sections: First, the "freaks," or, as we should call them, the "monstrosities." Secondly, the "displays," or, as we should say, the "scenes in the circle." Lastly, the spectacular play of "Nero," which should be advanced by a good hour and a half, and might well precede and not follow the overvaunted "displays," which are abundant enough but not good of their class. The "freaks," or "monstrosities," arranged in the outer circle devoted to smokers, will probably attract the most attention now that the days of Greenwich Fair are over and the country has been weeded of "mops" and statute fairs. Time was when every schoolboy was familiar with some form of Richardson's Show: with the giantess, the dwarf, the hairy lady, the man who swallows the poker and has a partiality for devouring live rats, and with the two-headed calf. But of late years England has been innocent of fairs. We have had to go to Boulogne-sur-Mer or to Brussels in the summer-time for a really good fair. Mr. Barnum has supplied this want—and it seems to have existed from all time—and we shall have all society talking of the "skeleton dude," the Aztecs, the armless youth, the legless man, the comely giant, the obese giantess, and the squeaking pocket dwarf who would go into General Tom Thumb's pocket. There never has been a time when the English people have ignored "freaks." They go periodically wild about them. Hence the success of Julia Pastrana, Millie Christine, the two-headed nightingale, the dolorous Siamese twins, Chang the Chinaman, and the mighty young Swiss who was recently on show at the London Pavilion. Barnum's "freaks" will certainly pay better than his circus young ladies. Some of them, poor creatures! cannot walk or talk, but then some of the sylphs in book-muslin cannot ride. The "skeleton dude" can ogle through his eyeglass, and a fair attendant can comb out the bewildering locks of the Aztecs, but no power on earth can keep some of Mr. Barnum's troupe on the saddle. Many of them prefer slipping off to keeping on. However, all will be well in a few days. Practice will make perfect; but in any circumstances it will be necessary to diminish the display. There is not much "cackle" to cut, as the clowns make a very poor display; but the horses are splendid creatures, and it is very certain that the management will find that the visitors to Olympia prefer the horse-races, the chariot-races, the trotting-matches, the dog-coursing, the monkey-riding, and all the competitive struggles, to second-class riding, leaping and the *haute école*, and the acrobatic feats that are done twice as well at an ordinary music-hall.

But in the way of shows "Nero" is certainly a very fine thing, both in design and in execution. The whole of one side of Olympia is occupied with what is the largest stage in the world, and opportunity is thus given for spectacle and procession such as no theatre could possibly afford. "Nero" is in truth a very grand and imposing sight; but, grand and imposing as it is, the English people will not remain till midnight in the Addison-road to see it. Mr. Barnum is certain to take a common-sense view of the matter. The "freaks" will be attractive from morning until night, because there is something in the human race that is strangely attracted by monstrosities. Women and men are alike influenced by this potent fascination. "Nero" is bound to be popular because there is a taste for gorgeous spectacle and pure pantomime, and the allegory is good of its kind. But the scenes in the circle may well be rigorously curtailed, because there are too many of them, and they are not found first-rate when they are seen. One of the events of the evening is to see old Barnum drive round the outer arena in a victoria and pair. "The monarch of all he surveys," bowing as if he were an Emperor. And so he is—of showmen. He was determined to wake up the Old Country, and he has done it. But now that we are really awake we can dispense with a little of the noise. The trumpets have been clanged and the drums banged, and now we can all settle down to see the show in peace and quiet. The children have a treat in store for them when they come home for the holidays: meanwhile, their elders will be quite ready to make children of themselves down at Olympia during the winter season.

C. S.

Captain F. R. Blackburne has been awarded the good-service pension of £150 a year void by the retirement of Captain Guy O. Twiss.

The United Kingdom Tea Company are presenting an elegant little paper-knife to all purchasers of their 7-lb. packets of tea.

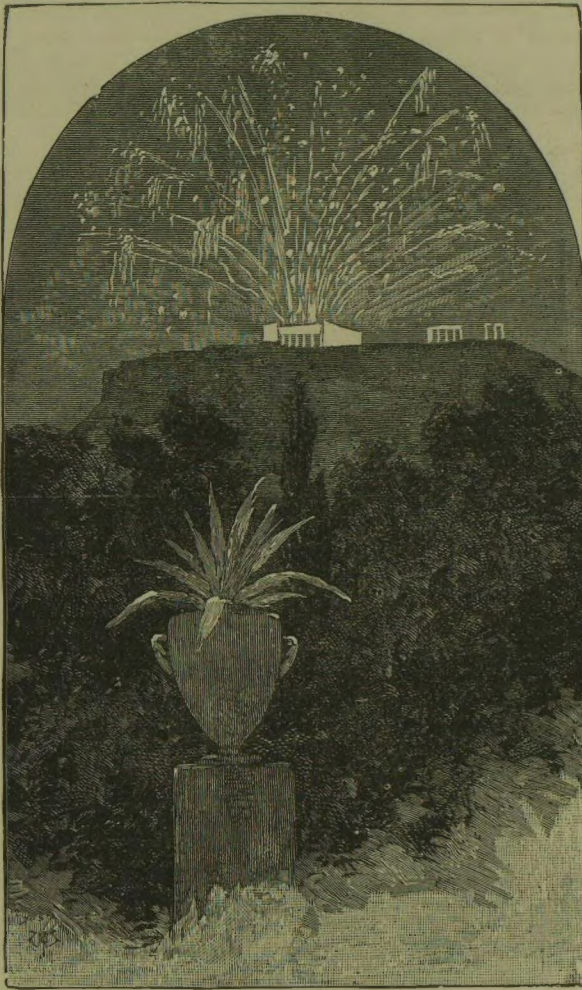
The trial of John Laurie for the murder of Mr. Edwin Rose during a holiday tour in Scotland last July was concluded on Nov. 9 in Edinburgh before the Lord Justice Clerk. The prisoner was found guilty, and sentence of death was passed on him.

The Court of Aldermen have unanimously passed a vote of thanks to Sir James Whitehead for the admirable and consistent manner in which he filled the office of Lord Mayor during the past year. Sir William Lawrence, the proposer, spoke of the hospitality displayed at the Mansion House, and of the great efforts which Sir James had made to benefit, not only the City and its Corporation, but the public at large. The late Lord Mayor had also done good service to her Majesty's Government in connection with the Exhibition in Paris. He thought that higher praise could not be bestowed on Sir James Whitehead than that contained in the letter of the Prime Minister when he announced the pleasure of her Majesty in conferring upon him the dignity of a Baronet. The resolution was ordered to be transcribed on vellum and presented to Sir James in the usual way.

FOREIGN NEWS.

On the eve of the meeting of the French Legislature, Admiral Krantz resigned the office of Minister of Marine, but for administrative, or rather professional, not for political reasons, and the vacant post has been filled by the appointment of M. Barbey, who has already presided over the Naval Department. At the opening of the new Chamber of Deputies on Nov. 12 M. Floquet was elected President, and MM. Develle and Casimir-Perier were re-elected Vice-Presidents. The Senate also met. It was intended to hold a Boulangist demonstration on the Place de la Concorde, and an immense number of idlers assembled. General Boulanger has addressed a manifesto to the French nation from Jersey. He says that the cause of the revision of the Constitution has not suffered defeat, but simply a postponement, and the victory will be only the more certain in the end. The National Party, he adds, will prosecute unremittently the struggle for the consolidation of a popular Republic, which will give France a position of dignity such as will in itself be a guarantee of peace, and will prove to the country the absolute incapacity of Parliamentarianism.—The gates of the Paris Exhibition were not finally closed till past one on the morning of Nov. 7; the work of removal commencing soon afterwards. Twenty-five millions of persons visited the Exhibition, exclusive of those who went in with the thirty thousand free passes issued to exhibitors and others. Six and a half million francs are given as the receipts at the Eiffel Tower.

The German Emperor and Empress took leave of the Sultan on Nov. 6, and embarked—the former on board the Kaiser, and his wife on the Hohenzollern. The German squadron steamed for the Sea of Marmora. The German squadron touched at Corfu on the 9th. His Majesty was welcomed to the island by the Mayor. Next day the Emperor and Empress went out for a drive in the country. In the afternoon their Majesties took their departure. Prince



ILLUMINATION OF THE ACROPOLIS AT ATHENS DURING THE ROYAL WEDDING FESTIVITIES.

Bismarck received in the evening the following telegram from the Emperor, dated from Corfu: "Voyage hither from Constantinople excellent; weather splendid. The colour and light effects by land and sea have been of unsurpassed beauty. Air so exceedingly clear that all the three summits and the interjacent country of the Peloponnesus could be seen at once, a thing which has never happened here before. All well.—WILLIAM." The Emperor and Empress arrived on the 12th at Venice, where her Majesty will remain for the present. The Emperor proceeded to Monza. The Empress Frederick is making use of her stay in Athens to study Grecian antiquities, accompanied by the best art connoisseurs and archaeologists of Athens, as well as by the hereditary Prince of Meiningen, Dr. Schliemann, and the director of the German school, Herr Doerpfeld. She daily visits the museums and archaeological monuments.

President Harrison has issued a proclamation admitting Montana as a State in the American Union, and another declaring Washington Territory to be henceforward a State. A convention to celebrate the establishment of the Roman Catholic hierarchy in the United States was opened at Baltimore on Nov. 10.

The Viceroy of India left Peshawar on Oct. 31 for Attock, at which place he embarked for a three-days trip down the Indus, which proved a great success. His Excellency is now riding rapidly along the frontier posts, accompanied by Sir Frederick Roberts, the Commander-in-Chief.

Addressing his constituents in New South Wales on Nov. 6, Sir H. Parkes, the Premier, spoke strongly in advocacy of the federation of the Australian colonies. His remarks were loudly applauded.

At the annual banquet of the Mayor of Melbourne, which took place on Nov. 9, the Governors of Victoria, New South Wales, South Australia, and Queensland were present. The speeches delivered on the occasion all dwelt upon the movement in favour of a federation of the Australian colonies, which is engrossing the attention of the public.

On Nov. 12, Mr. St. Chad Boscawen, Lecturer on Assyrian antiquities at the British Museum, delivered the first of his series of Tuesday afternoon lectures on "Semitic Races and Religions," at the Bloomsbury Hall, before a limited but learned audience.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

The autumn season at the playhouses has so far been singularly dull. At the Haymarket, where the English version of "Roger la Honte" by Mr. Robert Buchanan has turned out far more successful than in America; at the Shaftesbury, where Mr. E. S. Willard is drawing crowded houses with "The Middleman"; at the Lyceum, where "The Dead Heart" will probably run until the summer-time; and at the Adelphi, which is attracting all "society" to see the acting of Mr. George Alexander, Miss Mary Rorke, Miss Alma Murray, and Mr. Lionel Rignold's Jew, we are not likely to see any variation. But already there is felt a desire for novelty and change. Most of us who know the play by heart are anxious to see what Mr. Henry Hamilton and Mr. Grove have done with Sardou's "La Tosca," and how far Mrs. Bernard-Beere will follow in the footsteps of Sarah Bernhardt. Seats are at a premium for the first night, for, whatever we may think of the play, all know that whatever Mr. Hare does he does conscientiously and well. There is almost as much rush to the box-office of the little Royalty to welcome the popular Arthur Roberts next week in the latest burlesque of "The Corsican Brothers," by Cecil Raleigh and Walter Slaughter; and everybody is anxious to be present when Mr. Edward Solomon and Mr. H. P. Stephens produce their "Red Hussar" at the Lyric. So after a calm comes a storm, and next week or so will be a gay time for the first-nighters, who, say what we will, make or mar a play. Experience teaches that in nine cases out of ten the verdict of a first night is the final one, and all who really love the play and the excitement of novelty are naturally anxious to be present.

We are told that the matinée craze is to be forced on us more furiously than ever this winter. I own that I am sorry for it. I can quite understand that people who live in the suburbs prefer early play-going and supper after to scramble dinners and midnight trains; but for such there should be morning theatres. If there is a demand there should be a supply. My contention is that the morning theatre cannot be well supplied, save at the expense of the evening theatre. Actors and actresses cannot do themselves justice at night if they have been exciting themselves with acting all the afternoon, and the modern manager is very sensible when he inserts a stringent clause in the modern agreement prohibiting the appearance of any of his company outside the walls of his own theatre, save on very rare and particular occasions. The salaries now given are sufficient, I should say, to command loyalty to the managerial interest. I grant that "trial matinées," as they are called, are very useful things for the inexperienced manager who cannot tell a bad play from a good one, a good artist from one who is incompetent. But such managers as these ought not to hold responsible positions. They are not fit for their business. They might just as well be box-keepers or ticket-collectors. It does not require any great exercising judgment to buy a play that has been pronounced good after it has been mounted and produced at the author's expense. It does not require marvellous tact to engage an actor or actress who has been tried and won. I am sanguine enough to hope that the day will come when we shall have some of our leading theatres managed by men who are not actors at all, but who have experience and judgment. A considerable amount of talent is kept in the background, and good plays buried, not because of the want of the matinée, but because of the want of the unprejudiced manager. First fiddles do not like second fiddles who look as if eventually they would become first fiddles. I should hail the day when a first-class theatre was managed by an experienced literary man who had studied the stage and desired to study the interests of the public, not the individual artist. A recent matinée has brought to light a very clever lady, Miss Elizabeth Robins, who is fit to take a leading position at any theatre. A manager who knew his business ought to have been alert enough to discover her and back his opinion without the necessity of a trial matinée. At present she has been promoted to the vastly important position of "an understudy," and then probably she will remain on the shelf until she becomes heart-broken, as so many have done before her. There is something radically wrong in our system of modern management. I should like to see an Arsène Houssaye or a Jules Claretie at the head of at least one theatre, and a dramatic author clever enough to find out an Aimée Desclée and, like Dumas, have pluck enough to believe in her.

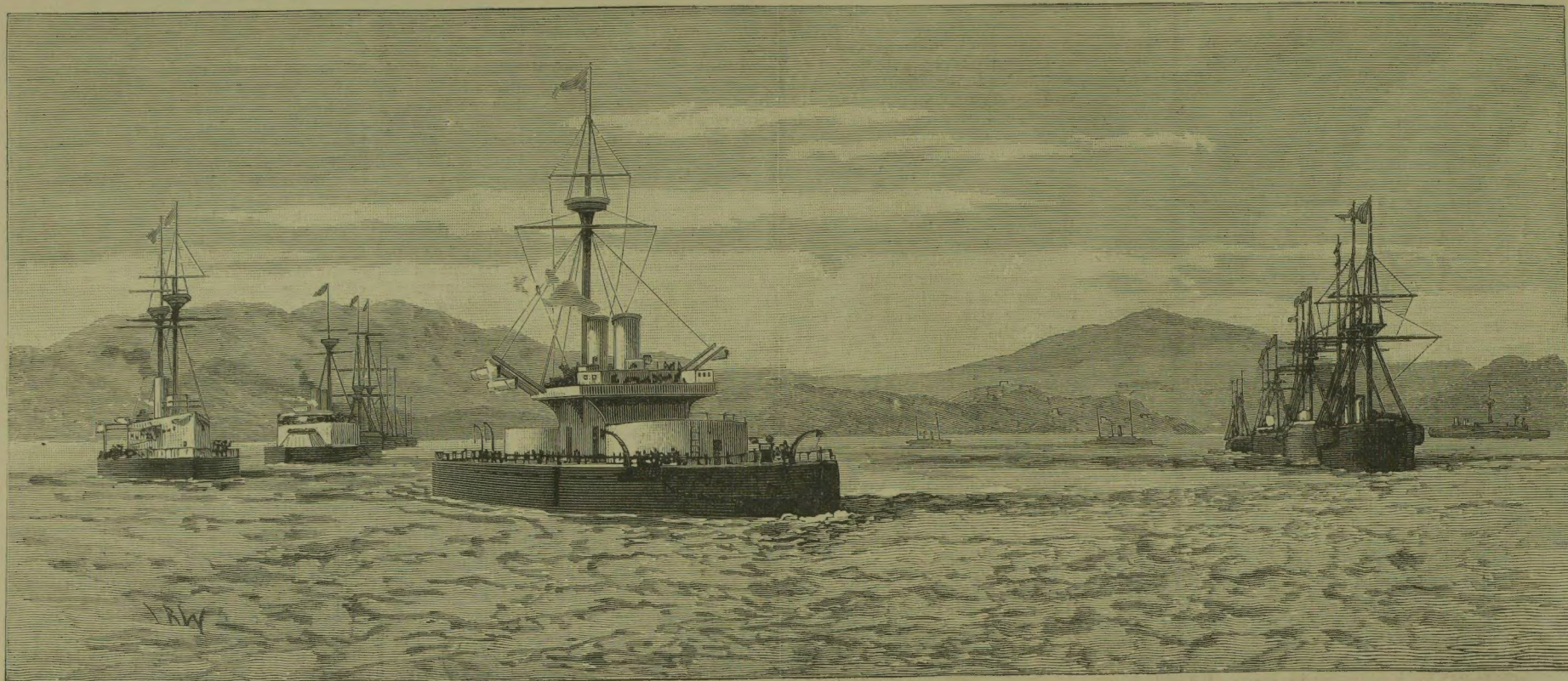
C. S.

The decoration of the East Corridor at Windsor Castle has been completed. The walls of the handsome apartment, which is occasionally used for state functions, have been painted with a soft sage-green colour, and the ceiling and cornice delicately tinted and gilded. The pictures are being hung in their places, and the furniture has been entirely re-upholstered.

The following elections to Fellowships at Magdalen College, Oxford, have taken place: Mr. C. C. J. Webb, Westminster scholar of Christ Church, after an examination in classics; and Mr. J. B. Farmer, formerly demy of the college, after an examination having special reference to excellence in botany.—The place of a member of the Council of the Senate, at Cambridge, having become vacant by the resignation of Mr. E. Hill, of St. John's, Mr. R. T. Scott, of St. John's, has been unanimously elected. The period for which Dr. Humphry was elected a representative of the University on the General Council of Medical Education having expired, Dr. M'Alister has been chosen in his place, having polled 194 against 140 who voted for Dr. Latham.

The Japanese Government have taken an important step in the interests of the foreign trade of the country, although at present foreigners are not entitled to participate directly in the privileges granted. By Imperial Decree nine of the principal non-treaty ports are declared open to foreign export trade, with certain limitations. Japanese merchants may charter foreign vessels and despatch them to any of these ports to carry abroad cargoes of any or all the following staples—rice, wheat, barley, flour, coal, and sulphur. These vessels must not be used in the coasting trade, and permits must in each case be obtained from the Finance Ministry. Hitherto, Japanese subjects were not allowed to charter foreign vessels to sail from other than the five treaty ports, to which, in consequence, the total foreign trade of the Empire was confined. In future the staples indicated may be exported from the nine specified ports, which are scattered all over the coasts, and are the natural outlets for large productive areas. A few years ago a similar device was tried for the special benefit of Korean trade, when three ports on the south-west coast were opened for this purpose. The new ports, with their provinces, are—Yokkaichi, in Ise; Shimonosaki, in Nagato; Hakata, in Chikuzen (the two latter were already opened to Korean trade); Moji, in Buzen; Kuchinotsu and Karatsu, in Hizen; Misumi, in Higo; Fushigi, in Etchu; and Otaru, in Yezo. As soon as the new treaties with foreign Powers come into operation permitting free trade and residence to foreigners all over the country, these and all other ports in the Empire will, of course, be opened freely to foreign vessels for imports and exports.

THE ROYAL WEDDING AT ATHENS.



COLOSSUS.

DREADNOUGHT.

DEUTSCHLAND.

LEPANTO.

THE ENGLISH, GERMAN, AND ITALIAN SQUADRONS STEAMING INTO POSITION OFF THE PIRÆUS.

On Sunday, Oct. 27, the marriage of Princess Sophie of Prussia, sister of the German Emperor, William II., to Constantine, Duke of Sparta, Crown Prince of Greece, was solemnised in the Cathedral of Athens by the Archbishop and other clergy of the Greek Church, in the presence of the Imperial family of Germany, the King and Queen of Denmark, the Prince and Princess of Wales, with their sons and daughters, and the Czarewitch of Russia. The ceremony was favoured with splendid weather, bright and warm sunshine. A procession of nine Royal carriages, accompanied by an escort of cavalry, left the Palace at eleven o'clock, the route to the cathedral being lined with troops of the garrison. Crowds filled the streets and cheered the bride and the Royal party. The bride was seated in a State carriage drawn by six black horses with silver trappings and led by Royal footmen, King George and the Duke of Sparta riding alongside. The uniform of the German Emperor and the dress of the Empress, which blazed with diamonds, attracted much admiration. The Empress Frederick was attired in silver grey. The scene in the cathedral as the wedding party passed up to the altar was most brilliant, the aisle being strewn with roses, and the uniforms of the various dignitaries lighting up the building, which was otherwise undecorated. The service lasted over an hour. Princes Albert Victor and George of Wales held golden crowns over the heads of the bride and bridegroom. At the conclusion of the ceremony the procession returned to the Palace by a different route. There the marriage was again solemnised according to the Lutheran rite in the King's private chapel. The Duke of Sparta conducted his bride to the residence which has been temporarily placed at their disposal, driving with her through all the principal streets and receiving the acclamations of the people. The festivities were closed by a grand banquet at the Palace, and by an illumination of the city. The most striking effect was produced by the intense and dazzling

gleams of pyrotechnic fire which blazed up all round the ruins of the Parthenon and other temples on the Acropolis—a light which illumined the slopes of Hymettus and attracted the gaze of the startled mariner far out on the Ægean Sea.

The departure of the German Emperor and Empress from Greece, on Oct. 31, gave occasion to a fine naval display at the Piræus, the harbour of Athens, made by the combined German, British, and Italian squadrons, under the general command of the Emperor, who is an Admiral of the British Fleet. The three squadrons took up positions in three lines opposite the entrance to the Piræus: the German squadron of six vessels, with a Dutch transport in rear, formed the centre line; the English, of seven vessels, headed by the flag-ship H.M.S. Dreadnought, formed up on the German right; while the four Italian ships, headed by the Lepanto, passed in rear of the German line, and took up a position on the left. A Royal salute from all the ships announced the appearance of the Imperial yacht Hohenzollern, with the Empress of Germany on board. About an hour later, a second salute greeted the Emperor, who hoisted his flag on board the Kaiser. This ship and the Hohenzollern steamed to the head of the German line, from which position the Imperial Admiral led and directed by signal the movements of the massed squadrons as they proceeded towards the mouth of the Gulf of Athens, and there parted company, the Germans going eastward and the English and Italians to the west. Our illustrations are from sketches by Surgeon R. Hardie, R.N., of H.M.S. Dreadnought.

The squadrons were accompanied about fourteen miles by the British despatch-vessel Surprise, which had on board the King and Queen of Greece, the Crown Prince and his bride and the other Greek Princes and Princesses, the King and Queen of Denmark, the Princess of Wales with her daughters, and the Empress Frederick and daughters. The Surprise subsequently returned to the Piræus. Meanwhile, the British

squadron steered for Malta; and the German ships continued the voyage to Constantinople.

On the day preceding his departure, the Emperor William, accompanied by Prince Henry of Prussia and attended by his suite, went to visit Admiral Hoskins on board the Dreadnought. His Majesty wore the uniform of a British Admiral of the Fleet, and his flag was hoisted on the Dreadnought, that of Admiral Hoskins being transferred to the Téméraire. The Emperor first inspected the Dreadnought, and then visited the Benbow, Téméraire, and Colossus, returning to the flag-ship for luncheon, at which, besides the British Admiral, all the captains of the squadron and Sir E. Monson, the British Minister, were present. In acknowledging the toast of his health, the Emperor said: "Nelson's famous signal is not now necessary: you all do your duty, and we, as young naval nations, come to England to learn from the first navy of the world." In conclusion, his Majesty called for "Three cheers and one cheer more" for the British Navy.

On Nov. 12 the ancient custom of nominating the High Sheriffs for England and Wales to serve during the ensuing year took place in the Lord Chief Justice of England's Court, before the Chancellor of the Exchequer, some of her Majesty's Ministers, the Lord Chief Justice of England, and several of the Judges.

The Catholics of Great Britain and Ireland have presented a bust of St. Thomas Aquinas to the Catholic University of Washington. The bust is in white Carrara marble, and was executed by Professor Luigi Guglielmi of Rome. A congratulatory address has also been given to Bishop Keane, Rector of the University, on the centenary of the foundation of his episcopate, by Mgr. Gadd, of Manchester, on behalf of the presentation committee.



DREADNOUGHT.

KAISER.

PREUSSEN.

DEUTSCHLAND.

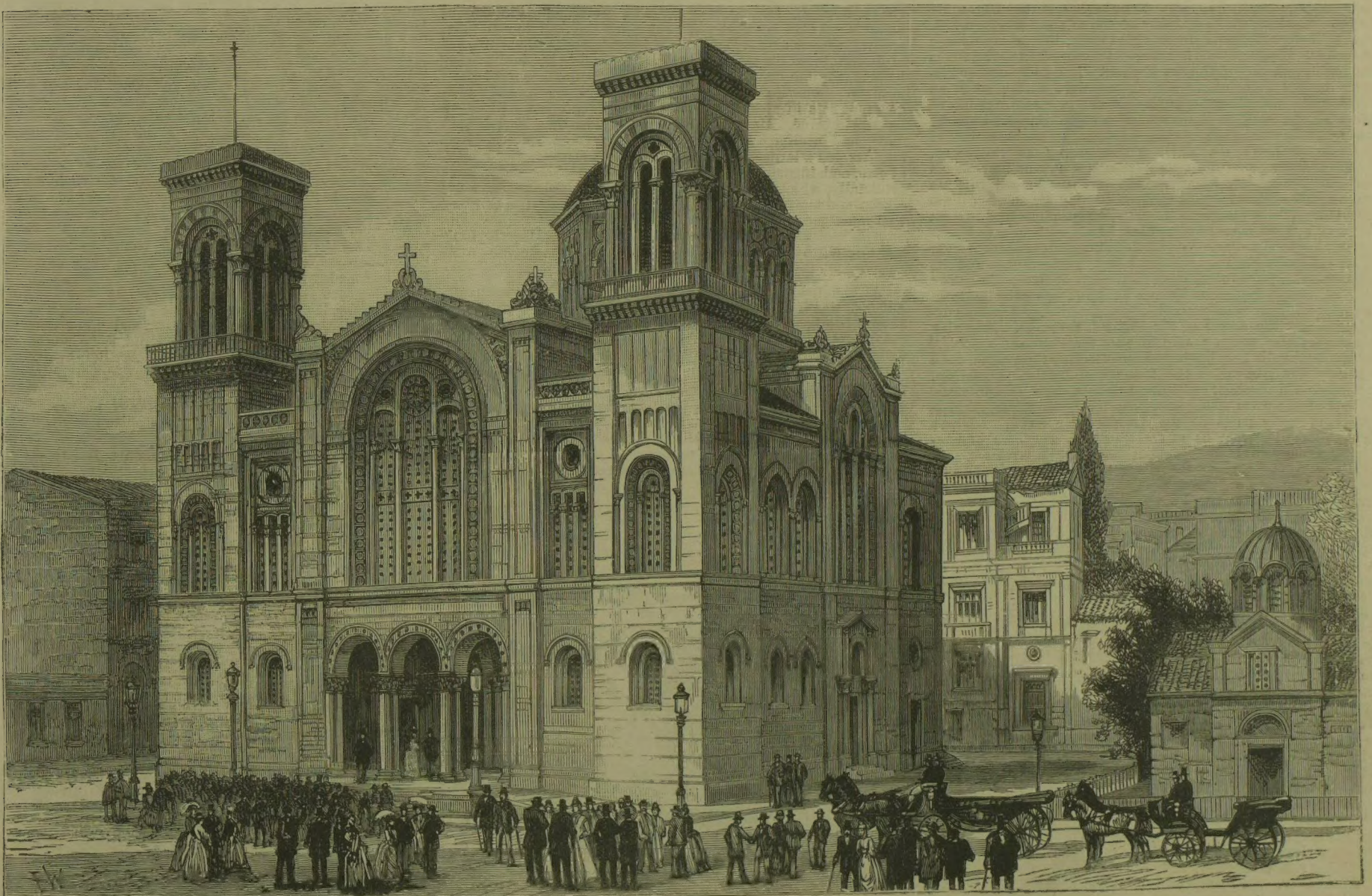
LEPANTO.

THE KAISER STEAMING WITH THE EMPEROR TO THE HEAD OF THE GERMAN LINE: COMBINED SQUADRONS SALUTING.

THE ROYAL WEDDING AT ATHENS.



ARRIVAL OF THE BRIDE AT THE CATHEDRAL.



THE CATHEDRAL, ATHENS.

FAMOUS OCTOGENARIANS.

Three men of various degrees of eminence—a statesman, a poet, and a scholar: Mr. Gladstone, Lord Tennyson, and Professor Blackie—attain this year their eightieth birthday. As regards the statesman and the poet this is a circumstance interesting, for many reasons, to all English-speaking peoples; and, even as regards the mercurial Scotsman, it will be interesting, no doubt, to a considerable public. All three of them, it would appear, are in possession of their physical and intellectual powers, and stand before us as living contradictions of the Psalmist's *obiter dictum* upon "the span of life," which he is pleased to restrict to "threescore years and ten." As a matter of fact, biography abounds in such contradictions. The list is, indeed, very much longer than most people, I suspect, have any idea of. It has been accepted as a natural law that seventy years sum up the measure of human activity; and, though there is plenty of evidence the other way, people have shut their eyes against it. How our moralists and divines have made capital out of the Psalmist's assertion! To what "improving" homilies and "practical" discourses has it not given rise! I have therefore been induced to put together such instances of its fallaciousness as have readily occurred to me, not professing to exhaust the subject, and willingly acknowledging that assiduous reference to the pages of a good biographical dictionary will enable the reader to make any number of additions. As old age is so generally associated with the idea of mental decay and bodily decrepitude, it is consolatory to know that they are by no means its invariable or inevitable accompaniments; and a perusal of the following cases will show, I think, that "the charm" to ward them off—the true preservative of intellectual and physical sanity—is simply Work—steady and well-regulated Work. Rust comes from *disuse*, not from *use*. To keep our faculties healthy we must keep them always in action.

Every schoolboy has heard of the ungrateful son of Sophocles, who, apprehensive that his father would divide his property in a manner not to his liking, applied to the judges to have the great dramatist, then upwards of eighty, declared incapable of managing his affairs. The poet triumphed by reciting the beautiful play of "Œdipus Coloneus," which he had just composed. He lived to become a nonagenarian, as we know from the epigram of Phrynichus—

Thrice-happy bard, who lengthened life's brief span
To ninety years, and died a prosperous man!

Nor was he the only dramatist to pass beyond the octogenarian limit. Crebillon, the French tragic poet, was eighty-eight when he died of an attack of erysipelas, which he had neglected until it was too late. Corneille, a greater than Crebillon, fell only a few months short of it. One scarcely cares to name in the same breath with the author of "The Cid" so indifferent a playwright as O'Keefe; but his comedy of "Wild Oats" is still a favourite, and in some of his pieces one perceives a pleasant flavour of Irish wit. He was just eighty when he published his lively "Recollections," and he died at eighty-six or thereabouts.

Jacques Boileau, whose "Historia Flagellantium" made a great noise in its day, and is full of curious matter, though not a book to be recommended to the *virginibus puerisque* class of readers, fought the battle of life for years eighty and one. He was a born humourist, so that his brother Despreaux, the poet, who was a year younger, and passed away five years before him, was wont to say that if Jacques had not been a doctor of the Sorbonne he would have made a capital doctor in the old Italian comedy—in which the doctor does the comic business. Perhaps it was to his love of laughter he owed his green old age. Those men who find such good company in their books generally live long. Look at that worthy Dryasdust Archdeacon Coxe, the biographer of Walpole and Marlborough, and the historian of the House of Austria: he was eighty-one when he "went to sleep" in the quiet rectory-house of Bemer-ton, once the home of George Herbert. Lingard, another historian of the painstaking school, was over eighty when he rested from his labours. Lindley Murray, most amiable of grammarians, stood on the brink of octogenarianism when he conjugated his last verb.

Chateaubriand's singularly active career as statesman, diplomatist, and man of letters—by the way, who now-a-days reads his "Réné" or his "Atala"—was prolonged into its ninth decade. What a wide space of history his memory must have covered! In his youth he saw the rise of the first French Republic; in his manhood he shook hands with George Washington; later in life he served Napoleon in a diplomatic capacity; witnessed the restoration of the Bourbon Monarchy, and its collapse in 1830; lived through the reign of Louis Philippe; and died, just as the Second French Republic was tottering to its fall, in 1848. Take as an example of similar, though less honourable, activity the career of Sir Roger L'Estrange. Macaulay stigmatises him as "a nature at once ferocious and ignoble," but one can hardly help having a kindly feeling towards the man who may justly be called the founder of British journalism. A stirring life was his! Soldier, prisoner, exile, pamphleteer, licenser of the press, newspaper proprietor, translator, editor—he played many parts on the world's busy stage. He was eighty years old when he was arrested on suspicion of conspiring against William III., but obtained his release, and lived nearly eight years longer. "Blind old Dandolo" had seen more than eighty summers when he engaged in the Fourth Crusade, and led the Venetian fleet against Constantinople, which he captured by assault, sending home as trophies of his success the famous bronze horses which still adorn the piazza of St. Mark. Henri, Duc de Montmorency, one of the many gallant spirits fascinated by Mary Queen of Scots, was upwards of eighty when he closed the long chapter of his adventures.

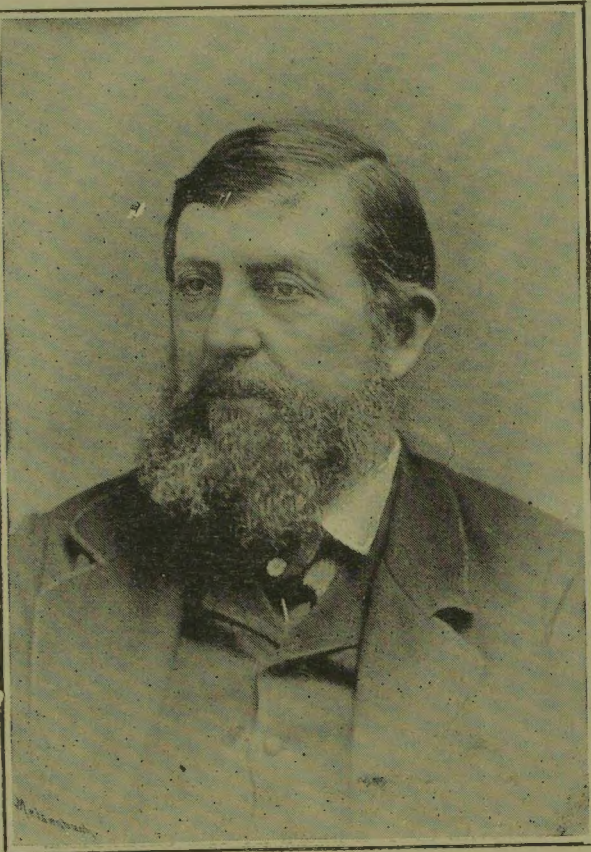
From these men of action let us turn to the men of thought, and we shall find that intellectual industry is not less conducive to longevity than bustle and stir and ceaseless movement. Izaak Walton, our "Compleat Angler," saw some ninety years of peaceful contemplation by the side of his favourite river Lea, and under the hospitable roof of Morley, Bishop of Winchester. Sir Isaac Newton presided over the meetings of the Royal Society when he was eighty-four. James Montgomery, the poet, passed the octogenarian figure; and so did the Rev. John Newton, the Olney divine, and the friend of Cowper. Political life is generally considered as "a

hard road to travel," and is strewn, no doubt, with the bones of unlucky wayfarers; but Lord Palmerston and Metternich are two conspicuous instances of politicians who have laughed at Time. Then as to law, the pursuit of it seems almost an *elixir vite*. Pope's "silver-tongued Murray," the great Earl of Mansfield, did not resign his seat as Lord Chief Justice until he was in his eighty-third year. Lord Lyndhurst's celebrated speech in the House of Lords on the repeal of the Paper Duty was made on his eighty-eighth birthday. Lord Brougham was eighty-one when, as Lord Rector, he addressed the students of Edinburgh University. From these examples I confess I can deduce no particular formula—beyond that at which I have already hinted—for the attainment of octogenarian longevity; but at least they may console us with the suggestion that Old Age is not necessarily "the lean and slippered pantaloon" it is so frequently represented.

W. H. D.-A.

THE LATE MR. W. BURGESS.

This gentleman, who died at Malvern on Oct. 27 after a long illness, did much good work for naturalists and sportsmen. He brought out some thirty patent inventions connected with



THE LATE MR. WILLIAM BURGESS,
PISCICULTURIST AND NATURALIST.

the protection, feeding, curing, and capture of birds and animals. As a successful pheasant-rearer he was known far and wide, especially for his undertakings in the acclimatisation of foreign birds, notably those of China. Among pisciculturists he held a prominent position, as founder and owner of the Midland Counties Fish Culture Establishment, and his generous acts in stocking certain waters with fish will ever be remembered. He propagated Salmonidae on a very large scale, and acclimatised some valuable foreign species. He also devoted a large share of his attention to the coarser kinds of fish, and introduced a new system for hatching their ova artificially, which was attended with great success. He was a keen sportsman, while his generous and kindly disposition won much personal esteem.

The Portrait is from a photograph by Messrs. Harrington and Co., Wilton-road, Victoria Station.

A technical school at Stockport, erected at a cost of £10,000, was formally opened on Nov. 8 by the Mayoress, Mrs. Joseph Leigh, who was presented with a silver key. Among the donations to the school is one of £10,000 from the trustees under the will of the late Sir John Whitworth.

At the weekly meeting of the London County Council a letter was read from Sir Sydney Waterlow offering, as a free gift for the use of the people of the metropolis, a freehold estate of twenty-nine acres, on the southern slope of Highgate-hill, well timbered with oak and Lebanon cedars, and containing an acre and a half of ornamental water. A resolution expressing thanks to Sir Sydney was passed by acclamation.

FASHIONABLE MARRIAGES.

Sir Lepel H. Griffin was married on Nov. 9, at St. James's, Piccadilly, to Marie Elizabeth Leupold, daughter of Mr. Ludwig Leupold, merchant, of Cornigliano, Genoa, now residing at Hilthorpe, Norwood. The bride was given away by her father. Captain Rawlinson acted as best man.

St. George's Church, Hanover-square, was filled with a distinguished congregation on Nov. 12, to witness the marriage of Mr. Wentworth C. B. Beaumont, eldest son of Mr. Wentworth B. Beaumont of Bretton Park, Wakefield, with the Lady Aline Vane Tempest, daughter of the late Marquis of Londonderry, and sister of the present Peer. The Duchess of Albany, attended by the Hon. Mrs. R. Moreton, and the Duke of Cambridge were present at the ceremony, which took place at half past two o'clock. The bridesmaids were Lady Helen Vane-Tempest Stewart (niece of the bride), the Hon. Lavinia Hardinge, Lady Clementine Pratt, Lady Hilda Rous, Miss Weyland (cousin of the bridegroom), and Miss Sybil Brooke. Master George and Master Arthur Bampfylde, sons of the Hon. C. and Mrs. Bampfylde, and nephews of the bridegroom, acted as pages. Mr. Milner Gibson Cullum attended the bridegroom as best man. The Marquis of Londonderry gave the bride away. The wedding presents were over five hundred in number. The Prince and Princess of Wales presented the bride with a diamond, sapphire, and ruby bangle; and the Duchess of Teck gave a carved ivory-mounted umbrella.

TESTIMONIAL TO MR. T. J. BARRATT.

The centenary of the establishment of the well-known firm of A. and F. Pears, soap manufacturers, was celebrated by giving a banquet at the Hôtel Métropole, on Wednesday, Nov. 6, with a testimonial to the managing partner, Mr. T. J. Barratt, to which many gentlemen connected with the newspaper Press were subscribers, in consideration of the large aid rendered, for a quarter of a century past, by the advertising system of that firm, to the enterprises of journalism, to printing, literature, and art. Sir Algernon Borthwick, M.P., presided, and among the two hundred guests, in addition to Mr. T. J. Barratt and Mr. A. Pears, were Colonel North, Mr. F. Lockwood, Q.C., M.P., Mr. Philip Waterlow, Mr. J. W. Maclure, M.P., Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P., Mr. Sheriff Harris, and Mr. Under-Sheriff Beard.

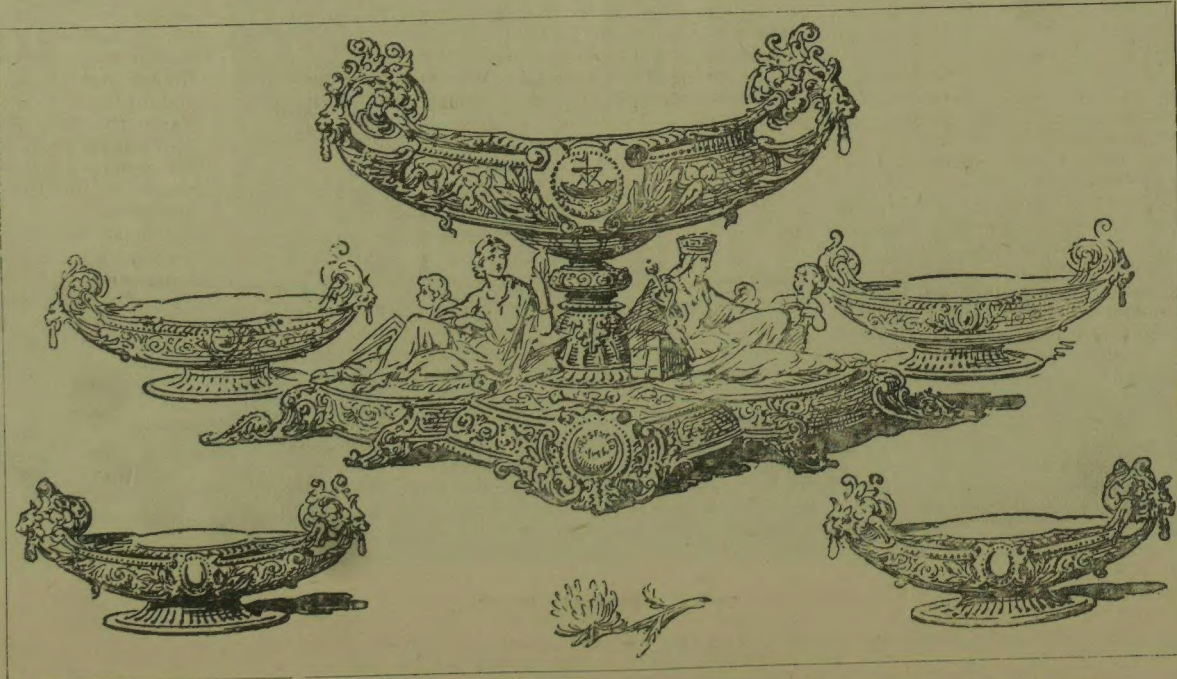
The toast of "The Queen" having been duly honoured, Mr. Charles Cross proposed that of "The Houses of Parliament," to which Mr. Lockwood, Mr. Maclure, and Mr. T. P. O'Connor responded. In proposing the health of Mr. Barratt, the chairman remarked that it was to him, as manager of the vast advertisement part of the business, that the public were indebted for the departure from the old small forms of advertisement, and for the employment of Art—in some instances Art of a high class, so that our streets were beautified by the works of Royal Academicians. He thought he could say that in their public attitude the great firm could boast of having well acquired and well spent the vast resources which it now possessed. The chairman then presented Mr. Barratt with a solid silver dessert service, consisting of two large jardinières for fruit or flowers, and four small dishes for fruit.

Mr. Barratt, in returning thanks, said that the firm of A. and F. Pears dated back a hundred years, when it was situated in a small barber's shop; and the originator of the business had conducted it on the same principles of integrity which those who came after him had endeavoured to emulate. During the twenty-five years he had been with the firm he had never had one ill word, nothing but the greatest harmony had prevailed in their councils, and now, when his term of partnership was nearly at an end, they had agreed to renew it for another twenty-one years. He was perfectly certain that if it had not been for the newspapers which those present represented they would never have been enabled to make so satisfactory a return. They were constantly increasing the amount of their advertisements, and they had now attained the amount of £100,000 per annum, which he thought was a fair contribution for one firm to make towards the extension of the Press of the country. It had stimulated similar exertion on the part of other houses, both in this country and in all parts of the world. With this £100,000 he calculated that they got a circulation of 20,000,000 for their advertisements, and that was the secret of their success. It was widely supposed that advertising increased the cost of an article, but their experience was entirely to the contrary, and to-day they were selling their goods more cheaply than they had ever done before. He thanked them heartily for the handsome present they had made him.

It was then announced that the firm of Messrs. A. and F. Pears had made a contribution to the Press Fund of a thousand guineas. The toasts of "The Press" and "The Chairman" having been proposed and acknowledged, the company separated. The string band of the Royal Artillery performed a selection of music during the dinner, which was followed by vocal music.

We give an Illustration of the silver plate, which was designed and manufactured by the Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Company, 112, Regent-street. Each jardinière is in the form of an antique bowl resting on a bell-shaped stem, which rises from the centre of a massive silver plateau, supported by richly chased scroll feet. The bowl is decorated in repoussé in the Renaissance style, with heraldic shields bearing the arms of the recipient and of America, enamelled in proper colours. Reclining on the plateau are two groups of classical figures, emblematic of Industry and Commerce, with their attendant genii and various attributes. On the front is a shield surrounded by bay-leaves, and bearing the following inscription: "Presented to T. J. Barratt, Esq., 1889." The shield on the opposite side has the flags of Great Britain and of the Colonies enamelled in proper colours. Mr. Barratt was also presented with an album recording the titles of the newspapers, to the number of 1700, which had participated in this testimonial.

According to the Registrar-General's Return, the deaths registered in London for the week ending Nov. 9 were 1350, being 329 below the average in the corresponding weeks of the last ten years. There were 23 deaths from scarlet fever, three more than in the previous week.



TESTIMONIAL PRESENTED TO MR. T. J. BARRATT, MANAGING PARTNER OF A. AND F. PEARS.

NEW BOOKS.

Studies from the Museums: Wood-Carving. Folio I. (R. Sutton and Co., 11, Ludgate-hill.)—The projectors of this series of reproductions from originals in the South Kensington Museum are in every way deserving of credit and success. The first folio, containing eighteen plates executed by the "Glass Print" process, has a very practical bearing on the course of studies pursued at the School of Art Wood-Carving, now firmly established in the buildings of the Science and Art Guilds at South Kensington. The selection of the designs, which has been left to Miss Eleanor Rowe, the directress of the Art Wood-Carving School, deals with the development of the art from its early stages, when the rudest implements—possibly only knives—were employed. Of such work an English box-cover of the seventeenth century, now in the South Kensington Museum, affords a specimen; but this early stage is even more marked in some Icelandic woodwork, although belonging to a later date. If we may judge from the examples selected, the French wood-carvers as early as the fifteenth century (Plate XI.) had acquired the means of producing work in high relief—chiefly in Gothic designs—which by degrees became, to some extent, a stereotyped phase of French art. In Flanders and in Italy wood-carving was, meanwhile, gaining considerably from the influence exercised by the sculptors and painters of those countries. In imaginative design and delicacy of execution it is scarcely possible to wish for anything better than the walnut-wood *cassone* (Plate XVIII.), or marriage coffer, carved with fantastic birds and animals—or the companion coffer, decorated with foliage—both belonging to the early part of the sixteenth century; while for massive work and bold carving the footstool (Plate XVI.) ascribed to the same period shows that the Florentine wood-carvers did not lose sight of the purposes for which the object to be decorated was destined. To this and other plates Miss Rowe has given vertical sections of the work, which will be of great practical utility to those who have these designs before their eyes, and who, at the same time, keep in view the practical hints and warnings which Miss Rowe addresses to those who take up wood-carving as a pursuit and not as a mere pastime. Her twelve years' experience at the school at South Kensington has shown the possibility of reviving an art or craft which at one time flourished in many parts of this country—in Cheshire, Somersetshire, and especially in Yorkshire; and the products of her school, which can be seen at the Arts and Crafts Exhibition, prove that she has not altogether laboured in vain. It is to carry this work farther afield, and to place good designs within the reach of technical schools throughout the country, that this series of publications chiefly aims; and we must not omit to commend the care and clearness with which each design is reproduced. The co-operation of the Science and Art Department with the scheme will ensure a constant supply of the best models; while the moderate price (sixpence each) at which separate plates can be purchased places within the reach of every student the best models of British and foreign wood-carving. It is not, however, the intention of the editors to limit the scope of their work to objects of merely house decoration. Architectural design, cabinet-work of all descriptions, and figure-work will be included in the present series; while, at a future date, designs for embroidery, lace-work, embossed leather, iron- and bronze-work, &c., will be issued with the object of fostering these handicrafts in schools and homes.

The Hanse Towns. By Helen Zimmern. "Story of the Nations": Vol. XX. (T. Fisher Unwin.)—The wealthy and powerful confederation of freely self-governing mercantile cities, mostly German, which claimed maritime supremacy in the Baltic and the North Sea, and treated on equal terms with European Sovereigns, was not exactly a "Nation"; but its historical importance is fully deserving of a place in this excellent series of instructive books. Miss Zimmern has performed her task successfully, preserving the unity of her narrative through a prolonged series of events, from the eleventh to the seventeenth century, involving transactions which concerned several different countries: the "Holy Roman Empire" and the German States, Denmark, Sweden, Norway, and Russia, the Netherlands, the Rhenish and Bavarian trading cities, and the Kingdom of England under Plantagenets and Tudors. In Southern Europe, though the Hanse merchants had a commercial establishment at Venice, also a factory at Lisbon, their political significance was never great; for the Italian City Republics controlled the trade of the Mediterranean. France, too, it is remarked, had comparatively little to do with the Hanse League: there was, indeed, some industrial activity in French towns, but little foreign trade. We may observe that the Hanse Towns, in general, supplied to those parts of Europe which had not been Romanised during the continuance of the ancient Western Empire a civilising influence which otherwise they would have lacked, until the consolidation of the new European monarchies at the close of the Middle Ages. Though founded and maintained as agencies of a huge commercial monopoly, and destined in due time to lose their privileges when the great nations of the modern world grew stronger, their part in history was certainly as beneficial as that of Pisa and Florence, Venice and Genoa; and they first created the traffic which afterwards passed into Flemish, Dutch, and English hands, much to the profit of our own country. This consideration inclines us to read with interest Miss Zimmern's clear and well-arranged description of the origin, rise, prosperity, and decline of that famous association of corporate traders, carriers, and shipowners, whose factories extended over sea and land from Bruges, Ghent, and Cologne to Riga, Revel, and Novgorod, to Breslau and Cracow, and to Bergen on the remote Norwegian coast. It began, we are told, at Wisby, on the Swedish island of Gothland, which was captured by King Waldemar of Denmark in 1361; but the naval power of the League could hold its own in the Baltic; and the city of Lübeck, its headquarters, visited by the Emperor Charles IV. in 1376, was already the centre of great power usually guided by a pacific policy. Wars are indeed related in the next chapters, especially that with a gang of pirates called the Victual Brotherhood, led by one Stortebeker, whom the Hamburg fleet defeated in 1402, also the conquest of Bergen, and the unavailing defence of Novgorod against Ivan II., Czar of Russia. In the wars of the sixteenth century between Denmark and Sweden, Lübeck was actively engaged; and two leading citizens, Jürgen Wullenweber of that town and Max Meyer of Hamburg, figure conspicuously as statesmen and fighting commanders, in alliance with our King Henry VIII. The domestic relations of England with the Hanse merchants of the Steelyard Guild in London form an interesting chapter of this book. We have not space to notice the later events which deprived that energetic and sagacious Federal Power of its political influence, and turned the sources of its wealth into other channels. Miss Zimmern's account of its history abounds with entertaining details, while giving a comprehensive view of the whole topic, which is of much historical interest.

OBITUARY.

VISCOUNT FALMOUTH.

The Right Hon. Evelyn Boscawen, sixth Viscount Falmouth



and Baron Boscawen-Rose, died on Nov. 6, at his seat, Mereworth Castle, in the county of Kent. He was born March 18, 1819, the eldest son of the late Hon. and Rev. John Evelyn Boscawen, Canon of Canterbury, by Catherine Elizabeth, his wife, eldest daughter of the late Mr. Arthur Annesley, of Bletchington Park, Oxfordshire, and sister of Arthur, tenth Viscount Valentia. He succeeded to the Peerage at the death, in August 1852, of his cousin, George, fifth Viscount and second Earl of Falmouth, with whom the Earldom expired. He was educated at Eton and at Christ Church, Oxford, and was called to the Bar at the Middle Temple in 1846. He was a Deputy Lieutenant and a Justice of the Peace for Cornwall and a Magistrate for Kent. The deceased Viscount was descended from a very ancient family, deriving its surname from the lordship and manor of Boscawen-Rose, in the county of Cornwall, possessed since the reign of King John. He married, July 29, 1845, the Right Hon. Mary Frances Elizabeth Stapleton, in her own right Baroness Le Despencer, and leaves issue, three sons and three daughters. The eldest son, Evelyn Edward Thomas, now seventh Viscount Falmouth, C.B., is Colonel of the 2nd Battalion Coldstream Guards, and has served with distinction in the Egyptian War of 1882, including Tel-el-Kebir, and in the Nile Expedition 1884-5. He was also present at Abu

1831 he was elected a Fellow of the Geological Society, and he was a member of other learned societies.

Professor Muirhead, of the University of Edinburgh, at his residence in Drumshugh-gardens, on Nov. 8. He was called to the Bar in 1857. Some years ago he succeeded Lord McLaren as Sheriff of Chancery. In 1862 he was appointed to the Professorship of Civil Law in the University of Edinburgh, a position which he has since occupied. In 1880 Professor Muirhead published his edition of "The Institutes of Gaius," with a translation and notes. In the beginning of 1885 he received the honorary degree of LL.D. from Glasgow University; and in 1886 he was appointed Sheriff of Stirling, Dumfries, and Clackmannanshire.

Mr. William Henry Wakefield, a Deputy Lieutenant for Westmoreland and Chairman of Quarter Sessions for that county, suddenly, of heart disease, on Nov. 8, in the hunting-field, near his own home at Sedgwick, Kendal. He was the head of the well-known banking firm of Wakefield, Crewdson, and Co., and was also one of the largest gunpowder manufacturers in the north of England. He was also prominent in the public life of his district, was a successful breeder of shorthorns, a member of the Council of the Royal Agricultural Society, and took a leading part in all movements for increasing the facilities for public education in Kendal and its neighbourhood. He was twice Mayor of Kendal, and in 1871 was High Sheriff of Westmoreland. He was brother-in-law of Mr. James Cropper, formerly M.P. for Kendal.

A DAY AT COLOMBO.

Our correspondent was a passenger on board the Anstral, Royal Mail steam-ship, bound from Australia for England, a twelvemonth ago, and, on reaching Ceylon, availed himself of the chance of spending a day ashore on that famous island, where tradition says Adam and Eve found a second paradise. The Brahmin name for it is "Lanka," or "The Resplendent"; the Buddhists describe it as "A pearl-drop on the brow of India"; the Chinese, as "The Gem Island"; and the Greeks named it "The home of the hyacinth and ruby." In England it is often written of as "The Eden of the Eastern Sea." Vessels arriving and anchoring at Colombo are boarded, early in the morning, by native hawkers, pedlars, sellers of jewellery, laundry agents, tailors, and dealers in curiosities of various kinds, all eager to trade, and persistently intent upon clothing you, washing your linen, or selling you something or other, at prices which have a curious tendency to descend from pounds to shillings, and from fifties to fives, gradually or rapidly, according to your disposition. The Anstral anchored within the breakwater opposite Colombo, early in the morning; and the exclamations of delight which broke from the passengers, after landing, as they drove along the Colpetty-road to the Military Reserve, or to Galle Face, were just tributes to the beauty of the scenery. They were entertained by hearing so many different languages spoken, and by the various picturesque, and often extremely primitive, costumes, with the coloured skins of the populace, varying from a pale, sallowish brown to almost negro black; and they were delighted with the gorgeous colours of the luxuriant vegetation, the beautiful flowers, the brilliant sunshine, and the sweetly perfumed air. All combined to form a whole not easily to be forgotten. There are many children, bright-eyed, intelligent, thinly clad or unclad, who run beside the vehicles, with beetles, flowers, shells, or bundles of cinnamon, clamouring for coppers, and merrily assuring you, in broken English, that they have neither fathers nor mothers, brothers or sisters, to look after them, but depend entirely on your bounty. The worst sight is that of the beggars, halt, maimed, or blind, exposing their sores to excite pity. Some of the visitors from ships anchoring off Colombo make it a point to visit Arabi Pasha, the Egyptian exile, who resides there in a long low building standing in spacious grounds, with a pillared verandah and steps before it: he is always pleasant and courteous, and seems resigned to his loss of power.

Our Portrait of the late Viscount Falmouth was supplied by Messrs. C. Vernon and Co., photographers, of Maidstone.

The opening address of the President of the Institution of Civil Engineers, Sir John Coode, was delivered on Nov. 12 at the House of the Institution, 25, Great George-street, Westminster, the subject being "British Colonies as Fields for the Employment of the Civil Engineer—Past, Present, and Future." After its delivery the medals, premiums, and prizes awarded for papers dealt with in the past session will be presented to the several recipients.

In our description of the Savoy Hotel, with the Illustrations recently given, Mr. W. Young was incorrectly mentioned as the architect, instead of Mr. Collings B. Young, of Cecil House, Somerset-street, Savoy-hill. It should be added that all the decorations, fittings, and furniture of the banquetting-room and the ball-room were executed by Messrs. Collinson and Lock, of Oxford-street, from their own designs; and those of the restaurant and the principal reception-rooms by the same firm, from the designs of Mr. T. E. Colcutt, architect of the Imperial Institute.

The officers and sub-officers of the Federation of Sapeurs-Pompiers of France and Algeria now on a visit to this country were received by the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress at the Mansion House on Nov. 11. There were also present the officers of the provincial fire brigades, the Consul-General for France; Sir W. Marriott, M.P., Sir J. Puleston, M.P., Sir Roper Lethbridge, M.P., Sir Frederick Young, Sheriffs Knill and Harris, Sir Robert Harley, and others. After presenting various medals and diplomas to the English firemen who had recently visited Paris, the Lord Mayor, speaking in French, gave a cordial welcome to the Frenchmen. Captain Latour responded. At the luncheon subsequently held at the Mansion House the toasts of the Queen and of President Carnot were duly honoured.

Under the auspices of the National Chrysanthemum Society, a grand floral fête was held at the Westminster Aquarium on Nov. 12 and following day. The exhibition was of a most extensive character, the flowers occupying every available nook and corner of the nave, while St. Stephen's Hall was filled with fruit, vegetables, and horticultural appliances. The display of chrysanthemums was, perhaps, the largest and best ever seen under one roof, and worthily celebrated the centenary of the introduction of the flower into this country. The groups of growing plants and trained specimens won universal admiration, while the cut flowers also afforded ample evidence of the progress which has been made of late years, especially in the improvement of the Japanese section. The fruit included some grand bunches of grapes from the Marchioness of Lothian, Earl Radnor, Lord Suffield, Miss Christy, and others; and fine collections of apples from Mr. Cornwallis, M.P., Mr. J. T. Friend, and Messrs. Laing. Wreaths, bouquets, and table decorations were numerous, showing as they do how well the chrysanthemum lends itself to those purposes.—Lady Knutsford, accompanied by the Hon. Lionel Holland, opened a chrysanthemum exhibition at the Hampstead Drill Hall on the same day.



THE LATE VISCOUNT FALMOUTH.

Klea and Abu Kru, and commanded the British forces at Metamneh. He was born July 24, 1847, and married, Oct. 19, 1886, the Hon. Kathleen Douglas-Pennant, daughter of Lord Penrhyn, by whom he has a son, Evelyn Hugh John, born Aug. 5, 1887. The present Peer was formerly Assistant Military Secretary and Aide-de-Camp to the General Commanding-in-Chief in Ireland.

LADY PLUNKET.

The Right Hon. Anne Lee, Baroness Plunket, wife of the Archbishop of Dublin, died on Nov. 8. This beloved and excellent lady was born in 1839, the only daughter of the late Sir Benjamin Guinness, first Baronet, of Ashford, and was sister to Lord Ardilaun, of Captain B. L. Guinness, and of Sir Edward Cecil Guinness, Bart. Her marriage to the Hon. and Rev. William Conyngham Plunket, afterwards fourth Lord Plunket, and now Archbishop of Dublin, took place on June 11, 1863, and its issue consists of two sons and four daughters.

MR. SPENCER VINCENT.

Mr. Spencer Vincent, of the Inner Temple, died on Nov. 3. He was son of the late Rev. Edward Vincent, Vicar of Rowde, Wilts, and was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge. He was afterwards called to the Bar, and was well known by his learned edition of "Jarman on Wills." To him and Mr. Justice Chitty was owing the beginning of the Volunteer movement, and, being an accomplished water-colour artist, he was one of those who founded the Dudley Gallery.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Colonel Joseph Walker Jasper Ouseley, late Bengal Army, on Oct. 29, at 10, Inverness-terrace, in his ninetieth year.

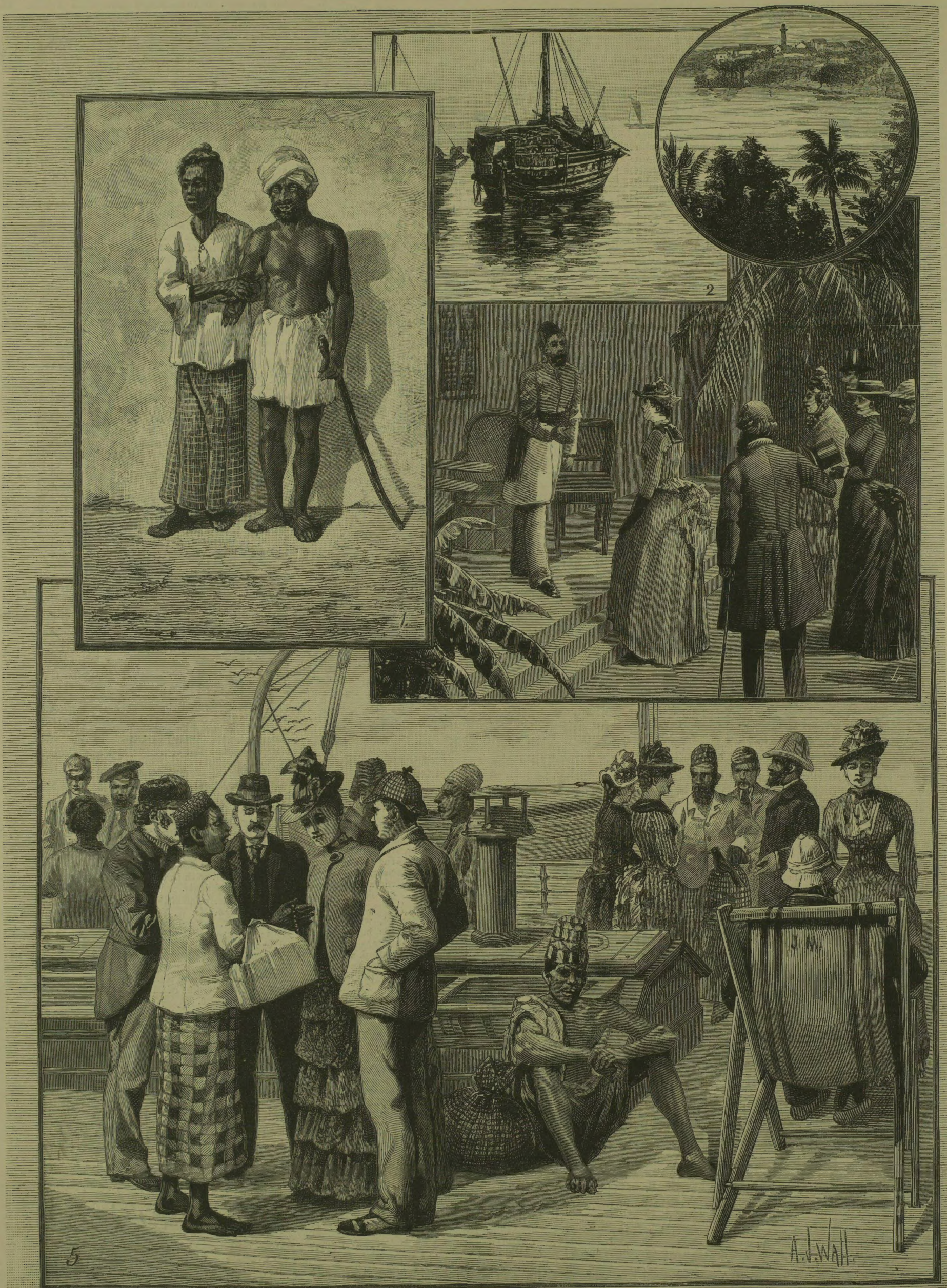
The Hon. Edward Palmer, Chief Justice of Prince Edward Island.

Fleet-Surgeon Thomas G. Wilson, Deputy Inspector-General of Hospitals and Fleets, at the age of fifty-three.

The Rev. Dr. Edwin Hatch, Reader in Ecclesiastical History in the University of Oxford, at his residence in that city, on Nov. 10, from spasms of the heart. Dr. Hatch was widely known as a leader of the Broad Church Party.

Sir Francis Pittis, at his residence, Newport House, Newport, Isle of Wight, aged seventy-seven. He was Mayor of Newport 1887, of which borough he was a Justice of the Peace, and received the honour of Knighthood in that year.

Mr. Thomas Hawkins, the eminent geologist, at Ventnor, recently, aged seventy-nine. He was the founder of the two great national collections of fossil saurian remains, procured by the Government for the British Museum, now at South Kensington. To illustrate and explain these extinct monsters Mr. Hawkins published "The Memoirs of the Ichthyosauri and Plesiosauri" and "The Book of the Great Sea Dragons." The deceased presented two other collections to the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge respectively, for which he received a special grace of thanks. In



1. Beggars.

2. Native Boats.

3. General View of Colombo.

4. A Visit to Arabi Pasha.

5. Natives on Board Trading with Passengers.



WINTER FUEL.—BY RUDOLF BLIND.

GREEN LANES AND FOOTPATHS.

There is a soothing softness in the word "footpath," apart altogether from its suggestiveness of endless glimpses of meadow, woodland, and shining stream. The term "green lanes," too, brings to us a multitude of associations of the most charming tone and colour: the early gentians and celandines; the meek moss, clothing with green coverlet the long-neglected stones beneath the hedgerows; the fragrant revelation of the snows of the hawthorn; the piping of the thrush; and the lovers' vows in the twilight, with the lustrous evening star in the amber west.

The noisy tread of hurrying feet and the lumbering sound of laden waggons belong to the highway; but the footpath has a poetic and charming region of its own, where the step falls silently on the green moss or the humble grass; where we can hear, undisturbed, the witching music of heaven's minstrels; and where the weary heart can touch, with reverent finger, the hem of the healing garment of God.

Slow of growth are these footpaths, and are "clothed on with chastity" in all their windings. Yet the birth-home of many of them is far back in the dim ages. Some of those quiet green lanes and footpaths are older—and in many cases more spotless—than the Tudors or the Plantagenets; while the shining birches and the elms in their shadowy green, of others, have overshadowed, in olden days, many a Puritan Ephraim and his Priscilla, while they talked of love, as home they wandered, with slow pace, ere yet the curfew rang.

Footpaths and dainty green lanes, ne'er so'er how old they may be, even to the extent of seeing dynasties pass away, are ever shy and tender: they never come out of their course to court patronage, but smile according to God's sweet will, and await with meek face the greeting of the worthy pilgrim who may come their way. Like the modest daisy, the footpath and the green lane are each an "unassuming commonplace of Nature," and—

You must love them, ere to you
They will seem worthy of your love.

Albeit, when once your affection for those idyllic strips of verdurous beauty has led you to them in the spirit of true reverence, your reward will be alike enduring and great.

If you would have enjoyment which would leave your soul wholesome and your tongue untainted, you will find it in those delectable regions to which the humble grassy footpath leads. You will there have psalms from feathered throats, sung beneath aisles of beechen green. During all the shining summer these melodious choristers never break engagements, their little heads are not turned by flattery, and their songs are as pure as were ever sung by mortal voice or angel choir.

Apart altogether from the delightful nooks, trout pools, and dells to which our green lanes and footpaths lead, they have a peculiar charm for those who wish, with a fervent heart-hunger amounting to reverence, to get to the very heart of Nature. The man who is inspired with the infinite revelations given by hedgerow, dale, stream, and sky feels an exultant sense of freedom the moment he leaves the hard grit of the highway and touches the green turf. Every step he takes is more and more elastic, and all Nature seems to salute him with melody and light. All that is bad in the world, Mammon, and reckless pleasure, are left behind for much that are, in sight and sound, nearer heaven's gates.

By these green hedgerows and footpaths we enter in the tenderest moods of Nature. Before we are aware of it we discover ourselves audibly reassuring the startled squirrel as he skips from us—a living, nimble line in Nature's epic—into the midst of the screening branches of the elm. If, by lucky hap, the visit to those green lanes should be in the season of bird melody, then, all around, call and answer are passed from bank to tree, from dell to sky. Chatter, gossip, cawing (and this latter not without leering askances and wonderful inflection of notes, for the crow is a humourist), and thin, metallic piping from tiny lady-wrens, encompass us as we pass from nook to nook along the shaded footpath; while high overhead, above the meadow, in one rill of unbroken melody, descends the lark's song, filtered through a league of listening air!

It would be interesting to be able to trace the influence which footpaths have had, if not in creating, at least in giving complexional colour to some of the most charming Arcadian scenes with which our great poets have dowered our literature. What a fine idyl could be sung by that footpath which led from Stratford-on-Avon to Shottery as it throbbed through all its being while it listened to the tread of William Shakespeare when he walked his willing way, to see his sweet Ann Hathaway, with light love-songs upon his lips and deeper madrigals within his soul! Who knows but some picturesque snatches of the sylvan lights and shadows around this footpath are woven into "As You Like It" and "A Midsummer Night's Dream"? Be this as it may, the fact that Shakespeare trod this Warwickshire footpath, through the rich meadows, on love's sweet errand, gives it a foremost place among lovers' walks for all time.

If you wish to go back, even for one brief hour, to the pure glory of nature, leave the whirl of the noisy highway and take the first quiet footpath or green lane which leads to the nourishing breast of Mother Earth. On the crowded highway you will find much which glitters and much that is false. Gilded fraud rolls past you there in his liveried chariot. Mayhap he may stop and ask you to have a lift—to suit his own ends. The devil himself may even ask of you, in a thousand ways, to ride with him through the mazes of the motley cavalcade. Note well, however, that he would never dream of inviting you to have a quiet stroll along a fir-fringed footpath. In the latter event, there might be a chance of his being circumvented and outwitted through the purifying influences of the scene giving moral force to his companions—a contingency not to be thought of in his arrangements.

Now and again, at long intervals, in this undress, non-official sort of footpath-rambling, you may meet with a specimen of that picturesque bit of humanity, the tramp. Well, as a rule, this incident is to be regarded as rather interesting and enjoyable than otherwise. In point of fact, he is one of the elements of the scenery, and is almost as much a factor in the landscape as are the pollards or the square church tower glimmering through the waving beeches. If this same tramp be sober and clean-tongued, the chances are that his scraps of information may be decidedly interesting; and it is more than probable that, even though you should give him, on parting, some of your tobacco, or a coin, you shall have got good value in return. Then, there is the vagueness of his nomadic life, which has in itself a gleam of fascination. You have met, like ships on the sea, saluted, and sailed away again into the infinite. The meeting with this tramp is, nevertheless, one of the facts of your life, and inevitably lends a tint of colour, however slight, to the warp and woof of the web which Time is weaving for you throughout your days.

If you would desire to know a county, or even a parish or dale of a county, thoroughly, you must tread its footpaths and wander through its green lanes with careful and loving step. It was while on a footpath that Wordsworth conceived that

exquisite poem, "The Solitary Reaper," where the Highland lass, on a strath near Glenfinnan, reaps and sings to herself:—

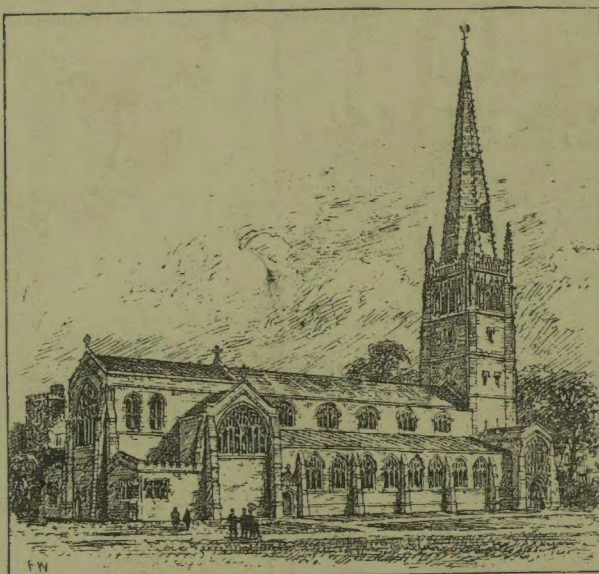
Will no one tell me what she sings?
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago:
Or is it some more humble lay,
Familiar matter of to-day?
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
That has been, and may be again!

Footpaths have a quiet, domestic poetry about them which the hard highway cannot possess. Along their mossy sward the merry children trip as they pull the fragrant flowers; many a trysting-gate lies across their course; and often, at the shut of eve, when comes out—

The star that bids the shepherd fold,
it is a footpath which takes this same shepherd lad over the dividing hills to her who to him is dearer than all the world beside. These footpaths, both by nature and circumstance, overtake some of the finest associations and affections of our lives. Old songs and loving faces hover around them. They are like the Land of Beulah in contrast with the City of Destruction—Heaven's peace against Earth's worry. And who can blame us if we have the poetic desire that, after having accomplished life's march along the hard highway to some purpose, we should be carried o'er some sweet mossy footpath to our lasting rest?
A. L.

HORNSEY NEW PARISH CHURCH.

The Bishop of London, on Saturday, Nov. 2, consecrated this church, which has just been erected according to the designs of Mr. James Brooks, architect, of Wellington-street, Strand. The first stone was laid in June 1883 by Lady Magheramorne, whose husband, Lord Magheramorne, formerly M.P. for the division, has given towards the cost a sum of £1000. Exclusive of the tower, the spire, and west front, which it is not intended to proceed with at present, the church, with organ, has cost a sum of £15,000, towards which £10,000 has already been subscribed, among the principal donors, in addition



NEW PARISH CHURCH OF ST. MARY, HORNSEY.

to Lord Magheramorne, being "A Friend," £3000; and Mr. G. Attenborough, £700. The pulpit has been erected by parishioners and friends, as a memorial to Canon and Mrs. Harvey, the former of whom for upwards of half a century was the Rector. The building, which is of Ancaster stone, the style of architecture being Perpendicular, has been erected by Messrs. Rudd and Son of Grantham. It consists of nave, north and south aisles, north and south transepts, chancel, and two vestries, for clergy and choir, with an ambulatory behind the sacristy. Beneath the north transept is a vault for the heating and hydraulic arrangements. The style of architecture is the Perpendicular of the fifteenth century. The dimensions of the church are as follows: Total extreme length from west to east, 200 ft.; total extreme width from north to south, 88 ft.; height from nave floor to wall-plate, 40 ft. 6 in.; height from nave floor to ridge, 50 ft.; height from aisle floor to wall-plate, 20 ft. 9 in.; height from aisle floor to pitching-plate, 28 ft. 6 in. In addition to the foregoing are the following principal dimensions—viz.: nave, 118 ft. by 29 ft. 6 in.; north and south aisles, each 118 ft. by 19 ft. 9 in.; north and south transepts, 27 ft. by 19 ft. 9 in.; chancel, 48 ft. by 29 ft. 6 in.; vestries, each 19 ft. 9 in. by 21 ft. The tower will be 26 ft. square at the nave floor level, and the height from the same level to the top of the spire will be 182 ft.; the internal dimensions of the western porches, when completed, will be 24 ft. 6 in. by 12 ft. each. The church will accommodate a congregation of 1266. The population in 1881 was 5673, whereas in the present year it is estimated to be over 8000, and continually increasing. Large estates have recently been built upon, and many thousands of persons will soon be added to the population.

Mr. W. Beckett, M.P., has offered to contribute £50 for every £1000 raised for the restoration of Selby Abbey Church.

The Queen has contributed £25 towards the Royal Victoria Pension Fund of the Newsvendors' Benevolent and Provident Institution.

On Nov. 6 the foundation-stone of the new church of St. John the Baptist, Epping, was laid by Miss Whiteman, in the presence of a large assemblage. The old parish church is upwards of three miles from the town, while the new church will occupy a site in the heart of the town.

A special appeal is made on behalf of the Thames Church Mission. During the last half-century the committee have cared for the spiritual welfare of the floating population, and others connected with the Port of London. The chaplains and missionaries of the society are daily engaged in the work of visitation, bible distribution, and general colportage. The tide of emigration has not only greatly added to the labours of the Mission but also to its financial needs. The committee are constrained to make a special effort to meet the wants of our sailors, bargemen, emigrants, passengers, watermen, and others, who owing to their calling are removed from the ordinary religious influences enjoyed ashore. The committee have much anxiety because of the pressing claims made upon their insufficient funds. This good work is therefore commended to the sympathies of the Christian public. Contributions may be paid to the credit of the Society's account at Lloyd's Bank, Limited, 72, Lombard-street, or sent direct to the Secretary, the Rev. H. Bloomer, 31, New Bridge-street, London, E.C.

NITRATE-MAKING IN CHILE.

The series of Illustrations by our Special Artist in Chile, Mr. Melton Prior, shows the processes, at the Primitiva oficina, by which the raw material known as caliche is converted into that valuable fertilising agent, nitrate of soda.

The caliche, the extraction of which has already been described, is loaded into iron waggons, holding about a couple of tons apiece, and drawn by locomotives along a portable railway, laid down from the calicheras to the summit of the Maquina. Here the contents of the waggons are passed through the crushers, by which the blocks of caliche are broken into lumps, averaging about the size of a breakfast-roll, the rule being that soft or porous caliche shall not be crushed so fine as the harder varieties. On issuing from the crushers the caliche is received in iron tip-cars. These are run along rails to the boiling-tanks, into which their contents is shot. The boiling-tanks may be described as strong rectangular iron boxes, fitted internally with a steam-coil, and play a most important part in the process of conversion—a process based upon the system of lixiviation applied by Shanks to the manufacture of common soda. They are connected one with the other by means of a series of pipes and valves, by the agency of which the continuous circulation of boiling liquid forming the basis of the process is accomplished. This liquid passing from tank to tank at varying degrees of specific gravity becomes gradually saturated to its fullest carrying capacity with the nitrate of soda that it dissolves out of the caliche. When it has reached this stage—a fact ascertained by testing—it is run off under the name of caldo into the bateas, or precipitating-tanks, large shallow iron pans. Here as it cools it deposits the greater part of the nitrate it holds in solution in the form of crystals at the bottom of the tank. The liquid now known as aqua vieja, or mother liquor, is drawn off for use over again in the boiling-tanks, while the nitrate of soda is thrown out into the cancha, or drying-floor. Here it dries in the sun, till, when judged sufficiently free from moisture, it is placed in bags holding about two and a half hundred-weight and loaded on the railway trucks running into the oficina on a siding from the nitrate railways. The residuum of earthy matter left in the boiling-tanks after the extraction of the nitrate is cleared out by hand, the system of communication enabling each of them to be filled or emptied separately without affecting the working of its neighbours. All these processes necessitate the employment of a large number of hands, who dwell in the village of huts which forms an indispensable adjunct to every oficina. To enable these to procure the necessities of life in this absolutely desolate region each oficina has attached to it a store, or pulperia, on the largest scale. At this the workmen are entitled to obtain, on credit, meat, vegetables, grocery, liquors of all kinds, clothes, drapery, haberdashery, hardware, crockery, &c., the amount being deducted from the sum of their earnings on the monthly pay-day. Occasionally, a few hawkers of fruit, who have travelled an almost incredible distance with their wares, visit the oficinas, and one of the Illustrations shows a group of these with some of the workpeople outside the pulperia.

MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

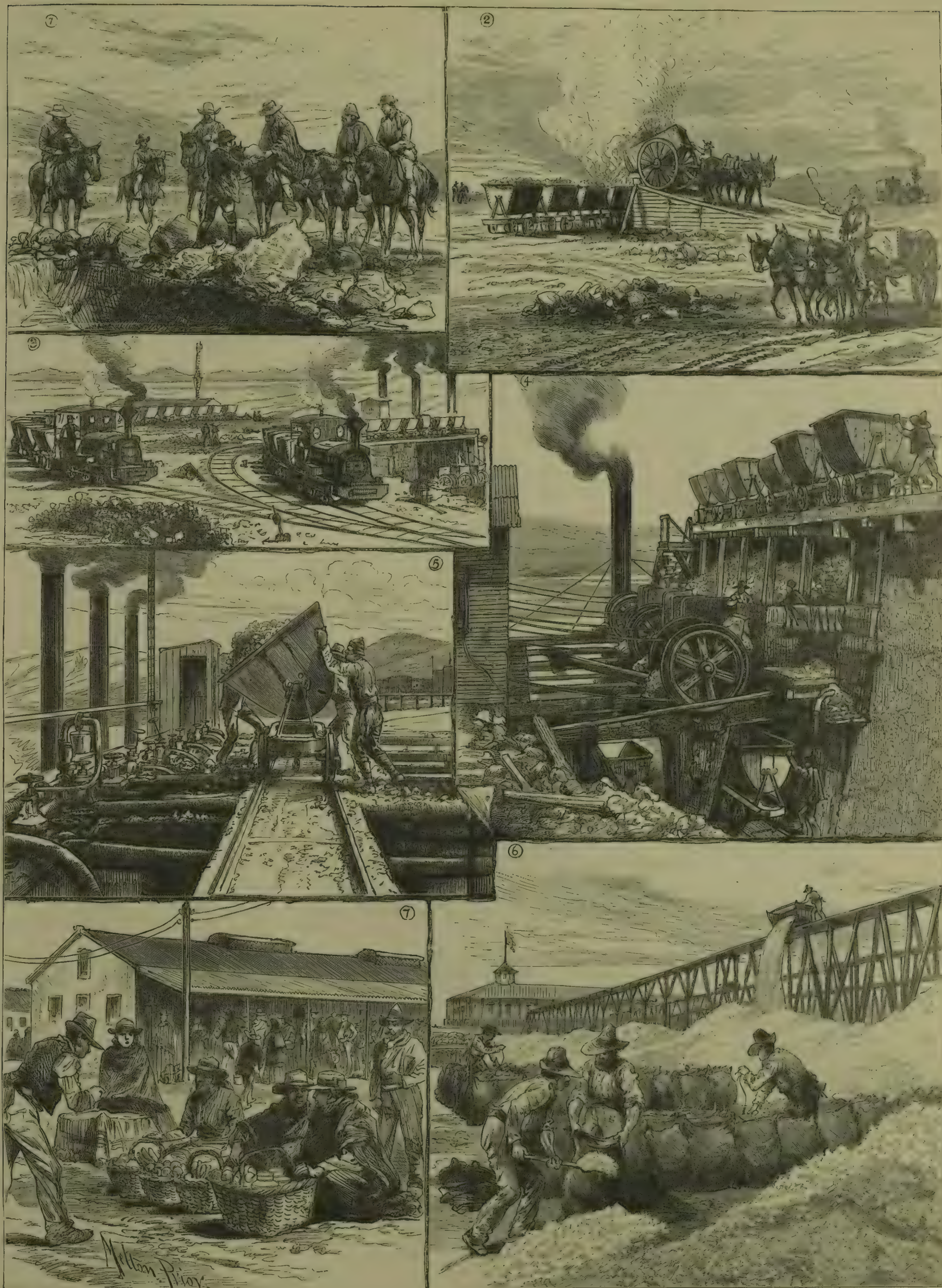
Messrs. Boosey and Co.'s recent publications include several vocal pieces that will be acceptable in drawing-room circles. "Down the Stream" is a duet by J. L. Molloy, in which some pleasing strains, in waltz style, are assigned to a soprano and a tenor voice, in a very effective manner. "Love and Friendship" is the title of a song of a sentimental character, an incidental use of waltz tempo giving a varied contrast to the more cantabile passages. "My Bonnie Curl" is a setting by Frances Allitsen of some quaint lines (by Amélie Rives) from *Harper's Magazine*. The lady composer has well reflected the characteristics of the text, together with some indications of a Scottish tone. "The Wonders of the Deep," by W. H. Jude, is a song in the declamatory nautical style, well suited to an emphatic vocalist. The prevailing use of common time is well contrasted by incidental phrases in six-eight tempo. "Off to Philadelphia" is supposed to be sung by an Irish emigrant, and the words are associated, by Mr. Battison Haynes, with an adaptation of an old Irish melody, the result being a song of a lively and telling character. Messrs. Boosey and Co. are continuing their cheap series of the "Cavendish Music Books," which now extend to upwards of a hundred numbers, comprising vocal and instrumental music of various styles and periods. No. 109 consists of anthems and patriotic airs of various nationalities (forty-one are specified) arranged for the pianoforte. Well and clearly engraved and printed, in folio size, these shilling publications are among the cheap marvels of the present time.

Metzler and Co.'s "Album of Dance Music for Christmas, 1889," is an early instalment of that class of composition which is plentifully supplied during the festive season. The publication now referred to provides, at a cost of one shilling, nine pieces in various dance forms, by composers of experience in that direction. Among the names are those of C. Godfrey, A. G. Crowe (the well-known conductor of the Covent-Garden Promenade Concerts), and P. Bucalossi, not to mention others. Another early contribution to the music of the ball-room is Phillip and Page's "Dance Album," brought out in similar form and at the same price as the publication previously named. In that now referred to are several sets of waltzes, besides quadrilles and pieces in the forms of polka, schottische, and galop.

"Esquisses Posthumes," "Six Preludes," "Trois Suites," par Stephen Heller. (Edwin Ashdown.)—These are posthumous compositions, for the pianoforte, by one of the most prolific and one of the most charming composers for the instrument of recent times. The pieces now referred to contain much that reminds one, without actual repetition, of the best of Heller's productions. Grace of style, piquant melody, felicitous harmonic treatment, and originality of passage-writing are again apparent, to an extent that renders the works attractive, as well as improving, to the student. The pieces have been revised and completed for publication by M. Barbedette.

"The Sword of Argantyr," by F. Corder, and "The Sacrifice of Freia," by Dr. W. Creser, have just been issued, in a handy and inexpensive edition; the first-named work by Messrs. Forsyth Brothers, the other by Messrs. Metzler and Co. Mr. Corder is the author as well as the composer of his cantata; the text of Dr. Creser's composition having been supplied by the late Dr. Hueffer, who would doubtless have extended it but for his untimely death. Both cantatas were commissioned for the recent musical festival at Leeds, where they were produced in October last. Having been commented on in our reports of the festival proceedings, nothing need now be said beyond recording their publication.

The centenary of the firm of Messrs. A. and F. Pears was celebrated on Nov. 6 by a dinner to their manager, Mr. Barratt, at the Hôtel Métropole, Sir Algernon Borthwick, M.P., presiding. A handsome piece of plate was presented to Mr. Barratt. It was announced that Messrs. Pears have given 1000 guineas to the Press Fund.



1. Managers Examining Nitrate Grounds.
2. Tipping Caliche into Railway Waggons.

3. Engines and Waggons at the Primitiva Works.
4. Crushing Caliche. 5. Tipping Caliche into Boiling-Tanks.

6. Putting Nitrate into Bags for Export.
7. Natives and Workpeople outside the Store.

NITRATE WORKS IN CHILE.

SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. MELTON PRIOR.

BLIND LOVE.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

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CHAPTER L.

IN THE ALCOVE.



HE doctor was wrong. Fanny Mere did return, though he did not discover the fact. She went away in a state of mind which is dangerous when it possesses a woman of determination. The feminine mind loves to understand motives and intentions; it hates to be puzzled. Fanny was puzzled. Fanny could not understand what had been intended and what was now meant. For,

first, a man, apparently dying, had been brought into the house—why? Then the man began slowly to recover, and the doctor, whose attentions had always been of the most slender character, grew more morose every day. Then he suddenly, on the very day when he sent her away, became cheerful, congratulated the patient on his prospect of recovery, and assisted in getting him out of bed for a change. The cook having been sent away, there was now no one in the house but the Dane, the doctor, and Lord Harry.

Man hunts wild creatures; woman hunts man. Fanny was impelled by the hunting instinct. She was sent out of the house to prevent her hunting; she began to consider next, how, without discovery, she could return and carry on the hunt.

Everything conspired to drive her back: the mystery of the thing; the desire to baffle, or at least to discover, a dark design; the wish to be of service to her mistress; and the hope of finding out something which would keep Iris from going back to her husband. Fanny was unable to comprehend the depth of her mistress's affection for Lord Harry; but that she was foolishly, weakly in love with him, and that she would certainly return to him unless plain proofs of real villainy were prepared—so much Fanny understood very well. When the omnibus set her down, she found a quiet hotel near the terminus for Dieppe. She spent the day walking about—to see the shops and streets, she would have explained; to consider the situation, she should have explained. She bought a new dress, a new hat, and a thick veil, so as to be disguised at a distance. As for escaping the doctor's acuteness by any disguise should he meet her face to face, that was impossible. But her mind was made up—she would run any risk, meet any danger, in order to discover the meaning of all this.

Next morning she returned by an omnibus service which would allow her to reach the cottage at about a quarter past eleven. She chose this time for two reasons: first, because breakfast was sent in from the restaurant at eleven, and the two gentlemen would certainly be in the *salle à manger* over that meal; and, next, because the doctor always visited his patient after breakfast. She could, therefore, hope to get in unseen, which was the first thing.

The spare bed-room—that assigned to the patient—was on the ground-floor next to the dining-room; it communicated with the garden by French windows, and by a small flight of steps.

Fanny walked cautiously along the road past the garden-gate; a rapid glance assured her that no one was there; she hastily opened the gate and slipped in. She knew that the windows of the sick-room were closed on the inner side, and the blinds were still down. The patient, therefore, had not yet been disturbed or visited. The windows of the dining-room were on the other side of the house. The woman therefore slipped round to the back, where she found, as she expected, the door wide open. In the hall she heard the voices of the doctor and Lord Harry and the clinking of knives and forks. They were at breakfast.

One thing more—What should she say to Oxbye? What excuse should she make for coming back? How should she persuade him to keep silence about her presence? His passion suggested a plan and a reason. She had come back, she would tell him, for love of him, to watch over him, unseen by the doctor, to go away with him when he was strong enough to travel. He was a simple and a candid soul, and he would fall into such a little innocent conspiracy. Meantime, it would be quite easy for her to remain in the house perfectly undisturbed and unknown to either of the gentlemen.

She opened the door and looked in.

So far, no reason would be wanted. The patient was sleeping peacefully. But not in the bed. He was lying, partly dressed and covered with a blanket, on the sofa. With the restlessness of convalescence he had changed his couch in the morning after a wakeful night, and was now sleeping far into the morning.

The bed, as is common in French houses, stood in an alcove. A heavy curtain hung over a rod, also in the French manner. Part of this curtain lay over the head of the bed.

The woman perceived the possibility of using the curtain as a means of concealment. There was a space of a foot between the bed and the wall. She placed herself therefore behind the bed, in this space, at the head, where the curtain entirely concealed her. Nothing was more unlikely than that the doctor should look behind the bed in that corner. Then with her scissors she pierced a hole in the curtain large enough for her to see perfectly without the least danger of being seen, and she waited to see what would happen.

She waited for half an hour, during which the sleeping man slept on without movement, and the voices of the two men in the *salle à manger* rose and fell in conversation. Presently there was silence, broken only by an occasional remark. "They have lit their cigars," Fanny murmured; "they will take their coffee, and in a few minutes they will be here."

When they came in a few minutes later, they had their cigars, and Lord Harry's face was slightly flushed, perhaps

with the wine he had taken at breakfast—perhaps with the glass of brandy after his coffee.

The doctor threw himself into a chair and crossed his legs, looking thoughtfully at his patient. Lord Harry stood over him.

"Every day," he said, "the man gets better."

"He has got better every day, so far," said the doctor.

"Every day his face gets fatter, and he grows less like me."

"It is true," said the doctor.

"Then—what the devil are we to do?"

"Wait a little longer," said the doctor.

The woman in her hiding-place hardly dared to breathe.

"What?" asked Lord Harry. "You mean that the man, after all?"

"Wait a little longer," the doctor repeated quietly.

"Tell me"—Lord Harry bent over the sick man eagerly—"you think?"

"Look here," the doctor said. "Which of us two has had a medical education—you, or I?"

"You, of course."

"Yes; I, of course. Then I tell you, as a medical man, that appearances are sometimes deceptive. This man, for instance—he looks better; he thinks he is recovering; he feels stronger. You observe that he is fatter in the face. His nurse, Fanny Mere, went away with the knowledge that he was much better, and the conviction that he was about to leave the house as much recovered as such a patient with such a disorder can expect."

"Well?"

"Well, my lord, allow me to confide in you. Medical men mostly keep their knowledge in such matters to themselves. We know and recognise symptoms which to you are invisible. By these symptoms—by these symptoms," he repeated slowly and looking hard at the other man, "I know that this man—no longer Oxbye, my patient, but—another—is in a highly dangerous condition. I have noted the symptoms in my book"—he tapped his pocket—"for future use."

"And when—when?" Lord Harry was frightfully pale. His lips moved, but he could not finish the sentence. The thing he had agreed to was terribly near, and it looked uglier than he had expected.

"Oh! when?" the doctor replied carelessly. "Perhaps to-day—perhaps in a week. Here, you see, science is sometimes baffled. I cannot say."

Lord Harry breathed deeply. "If the man is in so serious a condition," he said, "is it safe or prudent for us to be alone in the house without a servant and without a nurse?"

"I was not born yesterday, my lord, I assure you," said the doctor in his jocular way. "They have found me a nurse. She will come to-day. My patient's life is, humanly speaking"—Lord Harry shuddered—"perfectly safe until her arrival."

"Well, but she is a stranger. She must know whom she is nursing."

"Certainly. She will be told—I have already told her—that she is going to nurse Lord Harry Norland, a young Irish gentleman. She is a stranger. That is the most valuable quality she possesses. She is a complete stranger. As for you, what are you? Anything you please. An English gentleman staying with me under the melancholy circumstances of his lordship's illness. What more natural? The English doctor is staying with his patient, and the English friend is staying with the doctor. When the insurance officer makes inquiries, as he is very likely to do, the nurse will be invaluable for the evidence she will give."

He rose, pulled up the blinds noiselessly, and opened the windows. Neither the fresh air nor the light awoke the sleeping man.

Vimpany looked at his watch. "Time for the medicine," he said. "Wake him up while I get it ready."

"Would you not—at least—suffer him to have his sleep out?" asked Lord Harry, again turning pale.

"Wake him up. Shake him by the shoulder. Do as I tell you," said the doctor, roughly. "He will go to sleep again. It is one of the finer qualities of my medicine that it sends people to sleep. It is a most soothing medicine. It causes a deep—a profound sleep. Wake him up, I say." He went to the cupboard in which the medicines were kept. Lord Harry with some difficulty roused the sick man, who awoke dull and heavy, asking why he was disturbed.

"Time for your medicine, my good fellow," said the doctor. "Take it, and you shall not be disturbed again—I promise you that."

The door of the cupboard prevented the spy from seeing what the doctor was doing; but he took longer than usual in filling the glass. Lord Harry seemed to observe this, for he left the Dane and looked over the doctor's shoulder. "What are you doing?" he asked in a whisper.

"Better not inquire, my lord," said the doctor. "What do you know about the mysteries of medicine?"

"Why must I not inquire?"

Vimpany turned, closing the cupboard behind him. In his hand was a glass full of the stuff he was about to administer.

"If you look in the glass," he said, "you will understand why."

Lord Harry obeyed. He saw a face ghastly in pallor: he shrank back and fell into a chair, saying no more.

"Now, my good friend," said the doctor, "drink this and you'll be better—ever so much better—ever so much better. Why—that is brave—" He looked at him strangely. "How do you like the medicine?"

Oxbye shook his head as a man who has taken something nauseous. "I don't like it at all," he said. "It doesn't taste like the other physic."

"No; I have been changing it—improving it."

The Dane shook his head again. "There's a pain in my throat," he said; "it stings—it burns!"

"Patience—patience. It will pass away directly, and you will lie down again and fall asleep comfortably."

Oxbye sank back upon the sofa. His eyes closed. Then he opened them again, looking about him strangely, as one who is suffering some new experience. Again he shook his head, again he closed his eyes, and he opened them no more. He was asleep.

The doctor stood at his head watching gravely. Lord Harry, in his chair, leaned forward, also watching, but with white face and trembling hands.

As they watched, the man's head rolled a little to the side, turning his face more towards the room. Then a curious and terrifying thing happened. His mouth began slowly to fall open.

"Is he—is he—is he fainting?" Lord Harry whispered.

"No; he is asleep. Did you never see a man sleep with his mouth wide open?"

They were silent for a space.

The doctor broke the silence.

"There's a good light this morning," he said carelessly. "I think I will try a photograph. Stop! Let me tie up his mouth with a handkerchief—so." The patient was not disturbed by the operation, though the doctor tied up the handkerchief with vigour enough to awaken a sound sleeper. "Now—we'll see if he looks like a post-mortem portrait."

He went into the next room, and returned with his camera. In a few minutes he had taken the picture, and was holding the glass negative against the dark sleeve of his coat, so as to make it visible. "We shall see how it looks," he said, "when it is printed. At present I don't think it is good enough as an imitation of you to be sent to the insurance offices. Nobody, I am afraid, who knew you, would ever take this for a post-mortem portrait of Lord Harry. Well, we shall see. Perhaps by-and-by—to-morrow—we may be able to take a better photograph. Eh?" Lord Harry followed his movements, watching him closely, but said nothing. His face remained pale and his fingers still trembled. There was now no doubt at all in his mind, not only as to Vimpany's intentions, but as to the crime itself. He dared not speak or move.

A ring at the door pealed through the house. Lord Harry started in his chair with a cry of terror.

"That," said the doctor, quietly, "is the nurse—the new nurse—the stranger." He took off the handkerchief from Oxbye's face, looked about the room as if careful that everything should be in its right place, and went out to admit the woman. Lord Harry sprang to his feet and passed his hand over the sick man's face.

"Is it done?" he whispered. "Can the man be poisoned? Is he already dead?—already? Before my eyes?"

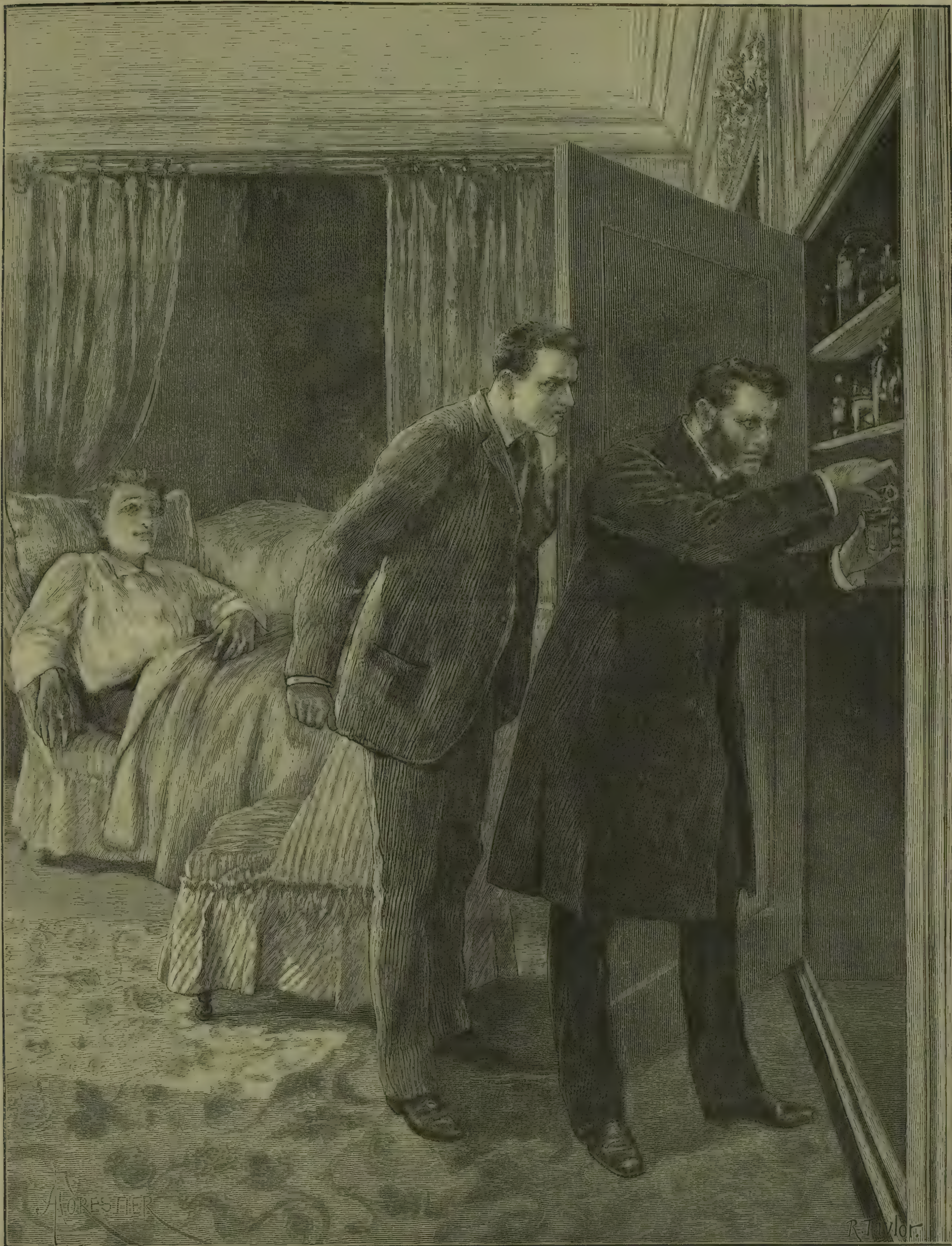
He laid his finger on the sick man's pulse. But the doctor's step and voice stopped him. Then the nurse came in, following Vimpany. She was an elderly, quiet-looking French woman.

Lord Harry remained standing at the side of the sofa, hoping to see the man revive.

"Now," said Vimpany, cheerfully, "here is your patient, nurse. He is asleep now. Let him have his sleep out—he has taken his medicine and will want nothing more yet awhile. If you want anything let me know. We shall be in the next room or in the garden—somewhere about the house. Come, my friend." He drew away Lord Harry gently by the arm, and they left the room.



She placed herself therefore behind the bed, in the space at the head.



Lord Harry seemed to observe this, for he left the Dane and looked over the Doctor's shoulder.

Behind the curtain Fanny Mere began to wonder how she was to get off unseen.

The nurse, left alone, looked at her patient, who lay with his head turned partly round, his eyes closed, his mouth open. "A strange sleep," she murmured; "but the doctor knows, I suppose. He is to have his sleep out."

"A strange sleep, indeed!" thought the watcher. She was tempted at this moment to disclose herself and to reveal what she had seen; but the thought of Lord Harry's complicity stopped her. With what face could she return to her mistress and tell her that she herself was the means of her husband being charged with murder? She stayed herself, therefore, and waited.

Chance helped her, at last, to escape.

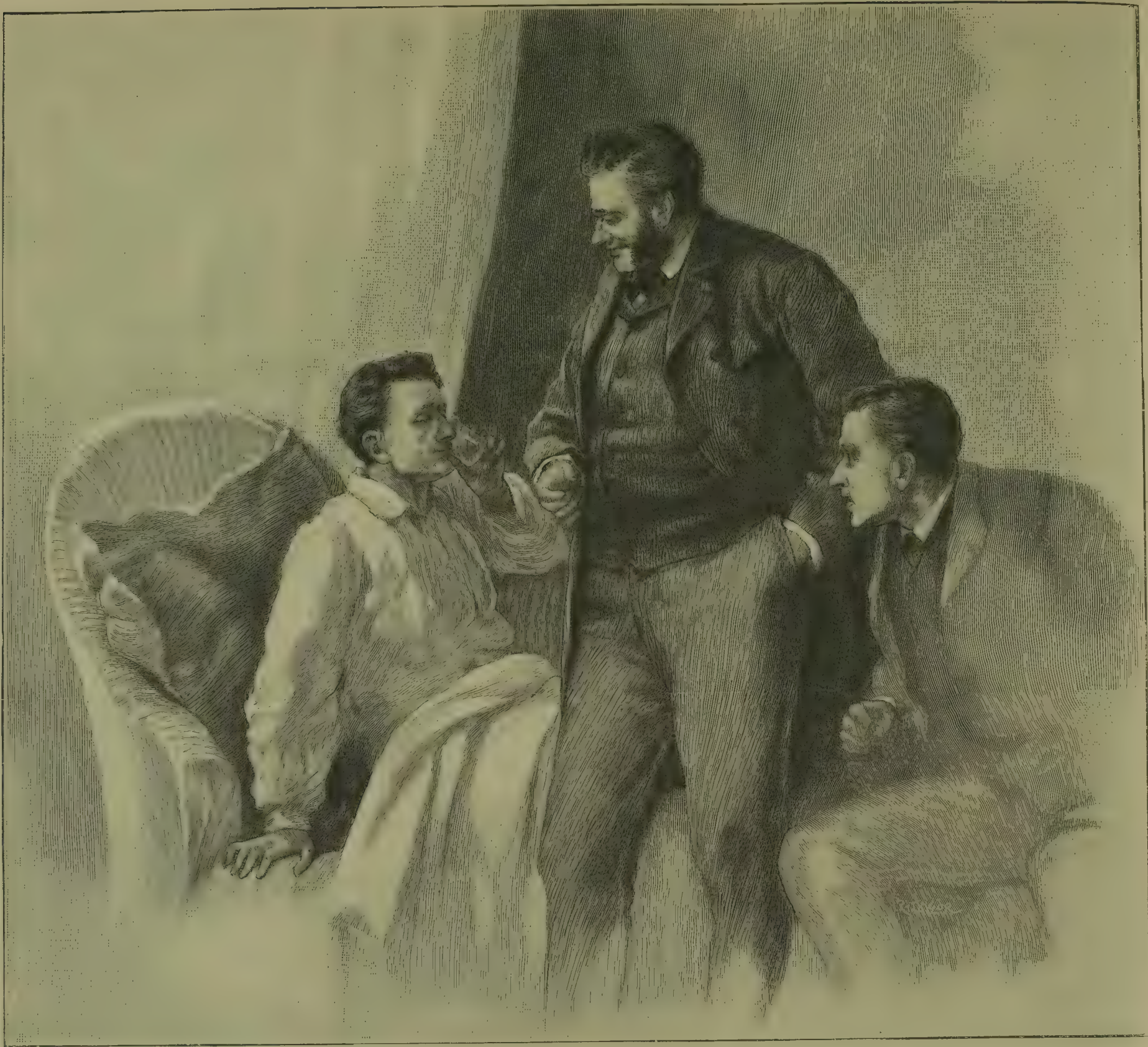
The nurse took off her bonnet and shawl and began to look about the room. She stepped to the bed and examined the sheets and pillow-case as a good French housewife should. Would she throw back the curtain? If so—what would happen next? Then it would become necessary to take the new nurse into confidence, otherwise— Fanny did not put the remainder of this sentence into words. It remained a terror: it meant that if Vimpany found out where she had been and what she had seen and heard, there would be two, instead of one, cast into a deep slumber.

The nurse turned from the bed, however, attracted by the half-open door of the cupboard. Here were the medicine bottles. She took them out one by one, looked at them with professional curiosity, pulled out the corks, smelt the contents,

replaced the bottles. Then she went to the window, which stood open, she stepped out upon the stone steps which led into the garden, looking about her, to breathe the soft air of noon among the flowers.

She came back, and it again seemed as if she would examine the bed, but her attention was attracted by a small book-case. She began to pull down the books one after the other and to turn them over, as a half-educated person does, in the hope of finding something amusing. She found a book with pictures. Then she sat down in the armchair beside the sofa and began to turn over the leaves slowly. How long was this going to last?

It lasted about half an hour. The nurse laid down the volume with a yawn, stretched herself, yawned again, crossed



"Now, my good friend," said the Doctor, "drink this and you'll be better—ever so much better."

her hands, and closed her eyes. She was going to sleep. If she would only fall so fast asleep that the woman behind the curtain could creep away!

But sometimes at the sleepiest moment sleep is driven away by an accident. The accident in this case was that the nurse before finally dropping off remembered that she was nursing a sick man, and sat up to look at him before she allowed herself to drop off.

Stung with sudden inspiration she sprang to her feet and bent over the man. "Does he breathe?" she asked. She bent lower. "His pulse! does it beat?" she caught his wrist. "Doctor!" she shrieked, running into the garden. "Doctor! Come—come quick! He is dead!"

Fanny Mere stepped from her hiding-place and ran out of the back door, and by the garden gate into the road.

She had escaped. She had seen the crime committed. She knew now at least what was intended and why she was sent away. The motive for the crime she could not guess.

CHAPTER LI.

WHAT NEXT?

What should she do with the terrible secret?

She ought to inform the police. But there were two objections. First, the nurse may have been mistaken in supposing her patient to be dead. She herself had no choice but to escape as she did. Next, the dreadful thought occurred to her that she herself until the previous day had been the man's nurse—his only nurse, day and night. What was to prevent the doctor from fixing the guilt of poisoning upon herself? Nay; it would be his most obvious line of action. The man was left alone all the morning; the day before he had shown every sign of returning strength; she would have to confess that she was in hiding. How long had she been there? Why was she in hiding? Was it not after she had poisoned the man and when she heard the doctor's footstep? Naturally ignorant of poisons and their symptoms, it seemed to her as if these facts so put together would be conclusive against her. Therefore, she determined to keep quiet in Paris that day and to cross over by the night boat from Dieppe in the evening. She would at first disclose everything to Mrs. Vimpany and to Mountjoy. As to what she would tell her mistress she would be guided by the advice of the others.

She got to London in safety and drove straight to Mr. Mountjoy's hotel, proposing first to communicate the whole business to him. But she found in his sitting-room Mrs. Vimpany herself.

"We must not awake him," she said, "whatever news you bring. His perfect recovery depends entirely on rest and quiet. There"—she pointed to the chimney-piece—"is a

letter in my lady's handwriting. I am afraid I know only too well what it tells him."

"What does it tell?"

"This very morning," Mrs. Vimpany went on, "I called at her lodging. She has gone away."

"Gone away? My lady gone away? Where is she gone?"

"Where do you think she is most likely to have gone?"

"Not?—oh!—not to her husband? Not to him?—oh! this is more terrible—far more terrible—than you can imagine."

"You will tell me why it is now so much more terrible. Meantime, I find that the cabin was told to drive to Victoria. That is all I know. I have no doubt, however, but that she has gone back to her husband. She has been in a disturbed, despondent condition ever since she arrived in London. Mr. Mountjoy has been as kind as usual; but he has not been able to chase away her sadness. Whether she was fretting after her husband, or whether—but this I hardly think—she was comparing the man she had lost with the man she had taken—but I do not know. All I do know is that she has been uneasy ever since she came from France, and what I believe is that she has been reproaching herself with leaving her husband without good cause."

"Good cause!" echoed Fanny. "Oh! good gracious! If she only knew, there's cause enough to leave a hundred husbands."

"Nothing seemed to rouse her," Mrs. Vimpany continued, without regarding the interruption. "I went with her to the farm to see her former maid, Rhoda. The girl's health is re-established; she is engaged to marry the farmer's brother. Lady Harry was kind, and said the most pleasant things; she even pulled off one of her prettiest rings and gave it to the girl. But I could see that it was an effort for her to appear interested—her thoughts were with her husband all the time. I was sure it would end in this way, and I am not in the least surprised. But what will Mr. Mountjoy say when he opens the letter?"

"Back to her husband!" Fanny repeated. "Oh! what shall we do?"

"Tell me what you mean. What has happened?"

"I must tell you. I thought I would tell Mr. Mountjoy first; but I must tell you, although"—She stopped.

"Although it concerns my husband. Never mind that consideration—go on." Fanny told the story from the beginning.

When she had finished, Mrs. Vimpany looked towards the bed-room door. "Thank God!" she said, "that you told this story to me instead of to Mr. Mountjoy. At all events, it gives me time to warn you not to tell him what you have told me. We can do nothing. Meantime, there is one thing you must do—go away. Do not let Mr. Mountjoy find you here. He must not learn your story. If he hears what has

happened and reads her letter, nothing will keep him from following her to Passy. He will see that there is every prospect of her being entangled in this vile conspiracy, and he will run any risk in the useless attempt to save her. He is too weak to bear the journey—far too weak for the violent emotions that will follow; and, oh! how much too weak to cope with my husband—as strong and as crafty as he is unprincipled!"

"Then, what, in Heaven's name, are we to do?"

"Anything—anything—rather than suffer Mr. Mountjoy, in his weak state, to interfere between man and wife."

"Yes—yes—but such a man! Mrs. Vimpany, he was present when the Dane was poisoned. He knew that the man was poisoned. He sat in the chair, his face white, and he said nothing. Oh! It was as much as I could do not to rush out and dash the glass from his hands. Lord Harry said nothing."

"My dear, do you not understand what you have got to do?"

Fanny made no reply.

"Consider—my husband—Lord Harry—neither of them knows that you were present. You can return with the greatest safety; and then, whatever happens, you will be at hand to protect my lady. Consider, again, as her maid, you can be with her always—in her own room; at night; everywhere and at all times; while Mr. Mountjoy could only be with her now and then, and at the price of not quarrelling with her husband."

"Yes," said Fanny.

"And you are strong, and Mr. Mountjoy is weak and ill."

"You think that I should go back to Passy?"

"At once, without the delay of an hour. Lady Harry started last night. Do you start this evening. She will thus have you with her twenty-four hours after her arrival."

Fanny rose.

"I will go," she said. "It terrifies me even to think of going back to that awful cottage with that dreadful man. Yet I will go. Mrs. Vimpany, I know that it will be of no use. Whatever is going to happen now will happen without any power of mine to advance or to prevent. I am certain that my journey will prove useless. But I will go. Yes, I will go this evening."

Then, with a final promise to write as soon as possible—as soon as there should be anything to communicate—Fanny went away.

Mrs. Vimpany, alone, listened. From the bed-room came no sound at all. Mr. Mountjoy slept still. When he should be strong enough it would be time to let him know what had been done. But she sat thinking—thinking—even when one has the worst husband in the world, and very well knows his character, it is disagreeable to hear such a story as Fanny had told that wife this morning.

(To be continued.)

LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

The Life of Lord John Russell. By Spencer Walpole. Two vols. (Longmans, Green, and Co.)—To the ordinary Englishman of the elder generation now living, whose earliest reminiscences of childhood, if his father and his father's friends were active politicians, may be associated with the overhearing of serious talk on the prospects of the Reform Bill passed in 1832, one figure, which the child may have even seen at a contested Devonshire election under the Whig Ministry of Lord Grey or that of Lord Melbourne, still remains an object of commanding interest. It is but eleven years since the death of John, Earl Russell, who had, nearly seventeen years before, quitted the House of Commons; and the rise of Mr. Gladstone, within the longer of these periods, to a more conspicuous eminence in popular favour must have allowed younger Liberals small opportunity of fully recognising the merits of his predecessor.

We confess, indeed, that after the seventieth year of his age, though he was the same man, holding the same principles, and though he again became Prime Minister in 1865, only for some months, the great qualities of a leader in statesmanship were less apparent than they had been in the previous career of Lord John Russell. Those who most esteemed the virtues of his public character, which were never tarnished, and who most entirely agreed with his general views and sentiments concerning the public welfare, occasionally regretted some faults of temper and of judgment, often besetting senility when too long vexed with the conduct of disputed affairs. It is not to be wished, on the whole, that he should have ceased to be Foreign Secretary at the outbreak of the American Civil War, though much of the acrimony in the subsequent controversy on the Alabama claims might have been spared by closer attention to details, and by a less irritable disposition. But Lord Russell's treatment of foreign Governments in 1863 and 1864, especially on the Schleswig-Holstein affair, was extremely unfortunate—part of the discredit, however, being justly due to Lord Palmerston; and neither of those two great Ministers could appreciate the importance of friendly relations with Germany, which was about to become the dominant Power of Europe. We believe, however, that Lord Russell, if he had been ten or twenty years younger, and had been in power instead of Mr. Gladstone in 1868, would have given ample relief to the Church and Land grievances of Ireland; but, as he lacked the special talents and knowledge required for such economic, commercial, and fiscal legislation as the age demanded, no general comparison between him and Mr. Gladstone can be admitted. In order to disavow, at the outset, an exaggerated opinion of his career, let us frankly say that he was at no time the best of Prime Ministers, or the ablest and discreetest of Foreign Ministers. But there never was a better Liberal Home Minister, never a more upright, courageous, and sincere Leader of the House of Commons; never a truer champion of English freedom and of justice to all classes; never a more consistent and honest statesman.

Mr. Spencer Walpole, his biographer, the Lieutenant-Governor of the Isle of Man, is well qualified for this task, as being the author of a very good political History of England from 1815. He has received much assistance from Lady Russell, by whom, as well as by her brother, the Hon. George Elliott, by the Duke of Bedford, the representatives of Lord Aberdeen, Lord Lansdowne, Lord Clarendon, and others, large collections of private letters have been put at his disposal. Her Majesty the Queen has also permitted the use of all the private correspondence between Lord John Russell and herself. These materials being fresh to the reader, we are agreeably surprised to find the biography of a public man, so long and so well known, containing little of what would not be new to us; for Mr. Walpole does not reprint letters which have appeared in other books, such as Mr. Evelyn Ashley's "Life of Lord Palmerston"; while he totally rejects the tedious practice of giving summaries of Parliamentary speeches and debates. The individual personality of the hero—Lord John was a hero of civil life—is nowhere obscured by the cloud of circumstantiality; and his private tastes and studies, his manners in society, and his happy domestic life, which was more guarded and retired than that of other men of rank and note, are constantly portrayed. Though we cannot reckon Lord John's literary authorship at a very high rate, especially in his attempts at poetry, it is pleasant to observe his early love of the stage; his writing of a tragedy, "Don Carlos"; a Spanish romance, "The Nun of Arrouca"; a volume of discursive light essays, and many pieces of verse. His intercourse with old friends, to whom he was cordially constant, his correspondence with his father and brothers, and the beautiful relations of conjugal and parental affection in which he lived, are abundantly set before us. It may be presumed that, in these portions of the biography, his surviving widow—a lady of considerable literary talent, as is proved by one or two excellent poetical compositions written on family occasions—has been consulted. The book, as a narrative compilation involving brief explanatory references to numerous events of contemporary history, is about as good as it could have been made; and its author's comments are always judicious. This kind of work, beyond every other, demands a copious and exact "index"; and we have seldom met with a better index than that which is furnished, in forty-six closely printed pages, at the end of the second volume. The two portraits—one of 1825, the other 1853—do not much resemble the living face that we knew.

In order to arrive speedily at a general review of Lord John Russell's political career, we pass over the amusing earlier chapters of his schoolboy days, only a twelvemonth of which was spent at Westminster, where he was fag to his brother, the Marquis of Tavistock; and we have heard him tell, at a meeting of "Old Boys" in the schoolroom, how he used to be sent out to buy butter at a little shop in Tothill-street. He was always going to the theatre, and not so often to the gallery of the House of Commons, to which the Westminster boys had the privilege of admission. During the Peninsular War, he accompanied Lord Holland's party to Portugal and Spain, which he repeatedly visited while the British army was fighting the French, but had not the fortune to see any great battle. From 1819 to 1829, though already a Member of Parliament, his chief ambition was that of literary authorship, and he became intimate with Tom Moore, to whom he continued the services of a faithful personal friendship. Lord John was never a fine or accurate scholar, or profoundly learned in history or philosophy; and though he had an hereditary claim to write the life of his ancestor, the patriot and martyr of Charles II.'s reign, his essays on the British Constitution, on the affairs of Europe since the Peace of Utrecht, and on the Turkish conquests in Europe, are now disregarded. He could always write strong, plain, good English in a direct and expressive style, only too forcible, on some occasions, for the purposes of diplomacy and political management, but suitable to the straightforward character of the man.

It was in November 1829 that he came forward as a Parliamentary Reformer, with his motion to disfranchise the rotten borough of Grampound, intending that the seat should be given to Leeds, and with proposals for checking bribery

at elections. He had previously taken an active part in the contest for Catholic Emancipation, and had obtained the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts, relieving Dissenters from an obnoxious nominal obligation to take the Church sacrament as a qualification for any public office. "Civil and religious liberty, all the world over," was then the favourite Whig motto; and the Whigs at that time, headed by Earl Grey, also wanted a reform of the electoral system to enable their party to get and keep the ruling power in the State. The Radicals, but not many of the Whigs, earnestly desired to give a large share of political power to the working classes, and to do away with small constituencies under the patronage of aristocratic and other wealthy proprietors. Although Lord John Russell himself sat in Parliament by the Duke of Bedford's nomination, we give him credit for having early foreseen the eventual termination of that system: he was, indeed, more of a Liberal at heart than a Whig, and far in advance of his colleagues, except, perhaps, Lord Durham and Lord Althorp, in the Ministry of 1830. In the prime of life, forty years of age, the coming Leader of the House of Commons won his greatest victory by the Reform Act of 1832, and was at once recognised as the chief Liberal statesman of that time. For thirty years afterwards he occupied that eminent position, and never failed to sustain its authority in the opinion of his countrymen.

The difference between Lord John's Liberalism—which was also Lord Althorp's—and that of Lord Grey and the other Whigs is shown first in the private correspondence beginning at page 188, Vol. I. of this biography. It has ever seemed manifest, to our way of thinking, that the Irish Church Establishment was the true test question of Liberal principles. Lord John, so early as October 1832, demanded the reduction of that establishment to a mere provision for the small number of Protestant Episcopalians in Ireland, and that its revenues should be mainly applied to purposes beneficial to the whole of the Irish people. When Earl Grey declined to entertain this proposal, Lord John would have resigned his place in the Cabinet, but was dissuaded by Lord Holland. In 1834, as everybody knows, the Whig Government broke up on this question; for Mr. E. G. Stanley, afterwards Lord Derby, having ceased to be Irish Secretary, the appropriation of great part of the Tithe revenue either to national education or, as Lord John preferred, to the endowment of the Catholic and Ulster Presbyterian Churches became the turning-point of the road on which "Johnny upset the coach." This was thirty-four years before the Disestablishment of the Irish Church was proposed by Mr. Gladstone, who in 1834 was "the rising hope of the Tories." In the Melbourne Ministry of the following year, which lasted till 1841, Lord John Russell, besides his great and successful work for England, the Municipal Corporations Reform, State aid to Education, Tithe Commutation, and the improvement of the New Poor Law administration, did all that he possibly could to redress the grievances of Ireland. When Daniel O'Connell, waiving his idea of Repeal of the Union and accepting the promise of complete civil and religious equality instead, was admitted as the confidential counsellor of a Liberal Government—when Orange partisan magistrates were rebuked, and Catholic lawyers were placed in Crown offices, or on the Judicial Bench—when the Irish Government administration was put into the hands of Lieutenant Drummond, and subsequently of Sir T. Redington—while Lord Mulgrave, assisted unofficially by Lord Bessborough, and his successor, Lord Ebrington, with Lord Morpeth as Chief Secretary, were the conciliatory Viceroys—then, if ever, there was a disposition to do justice to that country. And, coming down to a period ten years later, when Lord John Russell was Prime Minister, in 1847 and 1848, he was not only desirous to apply a due share of the public fund to the maintenance of the Catholic clergy and chapels, but he wished to deal with the Irish Land Question. He would have checked harsh and unreasonable ejectments in a season of distress, would have given tenant right to all occupiers of five years' standing (necessarily, at the same rent), with freedom to sell their holdings, and with compensation if they were turned out. These views, which are set forth in a letter to Lord Clarendon, dated Nov. 10, 1847 (page 462, Vol. I.), were adopted by Lord John Russell twenty-three years before Mr. Gladstone's first Irish Land Act, which did not amount to much more. On the other hand, it is inconceivable that Lord John would ever have been brought to consent to Repeal or Home Rule, or to treating Ireland, in any way, as a separate nation. The abolition of the "useless and mischievous" Lord-Lieutenancy, with the creation of an office of Under-Secretary of State for Ireland, was the right method, in his opinion, to solve this political problem. It was carried through the House of Commons with the approval of Sir Robert Peel, and every Liberal statesman has been in favour of it; but we suppose a Viceroyalty, with £20,000 a year, is a handy gift to buy the political support of influential but less opulent Peers.

In the department of foreign affairs, it has been intimated, some passages of Lord John Russell's Ministerial career do not, in the retrospect, as they did not, at the time, commend his prudence as a statesman. With all his benevolence, he was not inspired by that love of peace—let us say, that pious and truly humane detestation of war—for which Mr. Gladstone has obtained credit, and by which Sir Robert Peel, Lord Aberdeen, and even the greatest of English soldiers, the Duke of Wellington, were animated in a high degree. Lord Palmerston, when Foreign Secretary, was often regarded as a firebrand in Europe. He and Lord John Russell, two men differing greatly in moral and intellectual qualities, usually acted together in their dealings with European States; and, with regard to care for preserving peace, there is little to choose between them. Palmerston was astute, while Russell was unwary and singularly deficient in the diplomatic faculty of detecting the weaknesses, the timidities, the duplicities of foreign rulers and their agents. What gave Palmerston his strength, from 1833 to 1860, was his accurate perception of the personal weakness of Louis Napoleon, whose character he knew far better than "the Emperor" could ever know himself. The fact is, that that singular personage, when his usurpation of absolute power in France failed to win him the rank which he desired among the great Sovereigns of Europe, and when his ambition was goaded by having been denied a high matrimonial alliance, craved recognition for himself and his wife at the Court of Queen Victoria, and the goodwill of the respectable English nation. His throne, with the prospect of founding a dynasty for his infant son, might soon have been overturned by a gust of French popular feeling, since the Italian campaign had not greatly flattered the vanity of France; but Lord Palmerston gave him another opportunity of earning military and political renown in the Russian war.

All this belongs to past history, and there may still be some difference of opinion about the necessity of that war; but Lord John Russell was as much responsible for beginning it as any of his colleagues, and more ardent for it than any of them except Lord Palmerston. He did not know all the motives of the French Emperor, or the proceedings of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, as Lord Palmerston did; but he went into it lightly, and never recoiled from the cost to the nation, though he soon protested against the dreadful and shameful mis-

management of the military services in the winter of 1854. His protests, backed by repeated offers to quit office, being disregarded, we do not blame him for leaving the Ministry rather than oppose Mr. Roebuck's Committee of Inquiry. Nor was he culpable, as many believed, in his conduct of the Vienna peace negotiations; for the Austrian proposals, which he there accepted with the assent of the Cabinet, were really more advantageous, with regard to the Black Sea and the security of the Balkan provinces, than the terms finally made after the taking of Sebastopol, and the active alliance of Austria would have been worth more than the capture of that fortress. The negotiations, as we are now aware, were nullified only by the French Emperor's desire to win a military triumph for the sake of his dynasty, which Lord John Russell was debarred from explaining in Parliament, and his reputation was unduly impaired.

A more agreeable passage of his connection with foreign policy is the happy exercise of English influence, in 1859 and 1860, when he was Secretary of State under Lord Palmerston, on behalf of the national independence of Italy. Both our Ministers were sincere friends of Italy; and their open declarations that the people of Tuscany, Modena, Parma, and the Romagna should be allowed to vote for annexation to the Piedmontese Kingdom, and that the revolution in Sicily and Naples should not be interfered with by foreign arms, contributed much to establish the unity of that nation. At the same time, it did not cost much to express these generous sympathies; and there was no fear of giving serious offence to Austria, and certainly not to the Emperor Napoleon, who did not want to interfere, but to have an excuse for letting the Italians alone, when he had once made a figure as the champion of a romantic cause. Here again, it was Lord Palmerston's shrewd insight into the personal character of that strange adventurer, dreamy, self-conscious, vacillating, but never obstinate, never implacable, never tyrannical, that saw how far he would go, and how far his allies could safely go with him. Lord John Russell's admirable exposition of the principle of non-intervention was opportune and highly beneficial. His name is greatly honoured by the Italians. It should for ever be honoured by Englishmen as that of a brave and true-hearted statesman, to whom we are grateful for much that has been achieved in the past sixty years, and whose example is a guide to others; for he was sure to say and to do that which he thought to be right.

LORD MAYOR'S DAY.

The procession which escorted the new Lord Mayor of London, Alderman Sir Henry Isaacs, from Guildhall to the Royal Courts of Justice, on Saturday, Nov. 9, displayed some novel and original features, representing groups and figures of much historical interest, a part of which appears in our large Engraving. After the carriages which, as usual, conveyed the Masters and Wardens and members of the Courts of Assistants of the different City Companies, there came the following special arrangements:—

Groups illustrating the Sports and Pastimes of Old England. Hawking Party: ladies and gentlemen in the dress of A.D. 1200, preceded by two keepers on foot bearing hawks on circular perches.—Shooting at the butt, A.D. 1300: archers practising with crossbows.—Quarterstaff, A.D. 1300.—Tilting at the ring; the quintain, A.D. 1300.—Maying, A.D. 1300: ladies, gentlemen, and attendant minstrels under the may-tree. A tree, pollarded and decked with flowers, was in vogue at an earlier date than the maypole.—Preparing for the Tournament: the Queen of Beauty and her maids of honour; youths distributing the small shields worn in the hat by the partisans of the various knights; herald in charge of the standards of the knights; a bevy of boy trumpeters; a procession of six knights, lance in rest, in full panoply of tournament, followed by their esquires on horseback, fully armed and equipped.—The Chase: ladies and gentlemen carrying bows and arrows and boar-spears.—The Lord of Misrule and his Court: the Lord of Misrule was the original figure now made familiar to us as "Father Christmas," hero of the new Hallowe'en Festival, which was the origin of the modern carnival. The Lord of Misrule, the King of Wisdom, the King of Folly. Musicians, with quaint instruments of early date. Mummers (persons who played dramatic interludes for behoof of their Majesties). A bevy of jesters, with baubles and bladders.

English worthies who trace descent from Lord Mayors or Aldermen: 1533—Queen Elizabeth—Ancestor, Sir Geoffrey Bullen, Lord Mayor A.D. 1457. Her canopy supported by Elizabethan gentlemen. 1561—Lord Bacon—Ancestor, Sir Thomas Coke, Alderman A.D. 1482. Supported by yeomen of the period. 1594—John Hampden—Ancestor, Ralph Warren, Lord Mayor A.D. 1536. Supported by a party of Puritans. 1599—Oliver Cromwell—Ancestor, Sir Thomas Marlin, Lord Mayor A.D. 1518. Supported by soldiers of the Commonwealth. 1650—Duke of Marlborough—Ancestor, Sir Thomas Leigh, Lord Mayor A.D. 1558. Supported by soldiers of the period. 1675—Sir Robert Walpole—Ancestor, Sir Edward Barkham, Alderman A.D. 1580. Supported by Lords (*temp.* Queen Anne). 1708—Earl of Chatham—Ancestor, Sir Thomas Leigh, Lord Mayor A.D. 1558. Supported by citizens (*temp.* George III.). 1718—General Marquis of Granby—Ancestor, Sir Baptist Hicks, Alderman A.D. 1611. Supported by soldiers of the White Horse Hanoverian Regiment.

Procession of Lord Mayors: One representative Mayor of each of the seven centuries of the Mayoralty, supported by four halberdiers of his period. This series is interesting, as exemplifying the strange and peculiar changes in the colour and shape of the mayoral robes: Sir Henry Fitzalwyn, A.D. 1190; Sir Gregory De Rockesby, A.D. 1285; Sir Richard Whittington, A.D. 1397; Sir Edmund Shaw, A.D. 1480; Sir John Gresham, A.D. 1547; Sir William Craven, A.D. 1611; John Wilkes, A.D. 1775 (supported by four individuals in the gear affected by the rioters of '45).

Ministers were warmly cheered as they arrived at Guildhall for the banquet in the evening. Mr. Stanhope and Lord G. Hamilton replied to the toasts of the Army and Navy, and the Lord Chancellor to that of his own health. Lord Salisbury, responding for her Majesty's Ministers, congratulated the Lord Mayor upon having commenced his year of office when prosperity was beginning to return, and expressed regret at the differences which had arisen between capital and labour. Having alluded to the improved condition of Ireland, he said that Africa at present occupied the attention of Foreign Offices more than any other subject, and with regard to Egypt the time had not arrived to leave that country to sustain itself. As to the foreign policy of the Government, it was to retain things as they are in Europe and on the shores of the Mediterranean; while he considered the barometer was distinctly rising in the scale of peace. Lord Knutsford and Mr. Balfour responded for the Houses of Parliament.

The London acting-managers have in meeting assembled decided that they should have a club of their own, which will be formed immediately. Mr. Charles Moreton has been asked to be their first President.

SIR G. DE ROCKESBY.

SIR R. WHITTINGTON.

SIR E. SHAW.

JOHN WILKES.

SIR W. CRAVEN.



SIR H. FITZALWYN.

SIR J. GRESHAM.

LORD MAYOR'S DAY: PROCESSION OF THE OLD LORD MAYORS OF LONDON.

THE LUSHAI EXPEDITION.

The joint expedition which is being dispatched from Chittagong on the Bengal side and from the Chin hills in Upper Burmah is an important affair. The object is to overawe the wild tribes which inhabit the mountainous border-land between the head of the Bay of Bengal on the west and Upper Burmah on the east, and Manipur on the north and Arracan on the south. The most obnoxious of the tribes inhabiting these parts are the Lushais on the Indian and the Chins on the Burmese side. The depredations committed by the former, with occasional retaliatory measures by the British power, are told in Mr. Mackenzie's work on the North-East Frontier of Bengal. Since our occupation of Upper Burmah the Chins have shown themselves capable of becoming quite as troublesome neighbours as the Lushais, and their raids and murders of inoffensive Burmese have compelled the Indian Government to organise simultaneous expeditions from the east and west for their subjection.

The Lushais are of fairer complexion than Bengalees, of uniform height (about 5 ft. 6 in.), well made, muscular, and active. They appear to be intelligent, but are quick-tempered, loose in allegiance, and given to thieving and drunkenness. Hunting is passionately followed, and everything that runs or flies is game with them, from an elephant to a field-rat, from a thornbill to a wagtail, while the plentiful supplies of such game as tigers, leopards, sambhur, hogdeer, and pig afford them full scope. The Lushai method of warfare, like that of many other savage nations, is one of surprises and bush-fighting, and their ideas of bravery are original, for at the first fight they called out to the Sepoys not to stick like cowards in the open, but to come and face them in the jungle like men. For weapons flintlocks are used, some wonderfully old, as well as spears and knives. A few leather shields were seen, but no bows and arrows. For purposes of defence, a few villages are lightly palisaded; but, as a rule, they prefer the employment of stockades in difficult passes, defended by entanglements. Their raids are made with remarkable celerity, nothing being carried en route but their usual arms and a sufficiency of rice for the journey. In attacking, the Lushais divide themselves into three parties—gun-men, spear-men, and men to carry off the wounded. If successful, the male prisoners are generally told off to carry the provisions, but they are not unfrequently slain. Our illustrations are from Sketches by Captain L. W. Shakespear, of the 2nd Goorkhas.

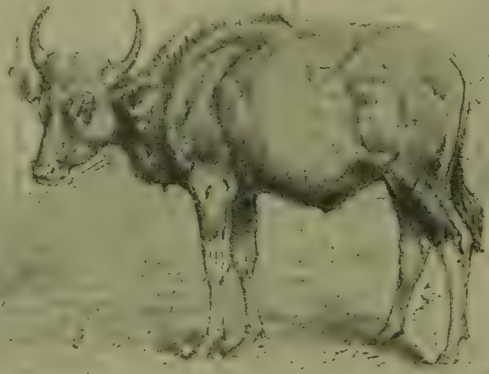
The Irish Lord Chancellor has called to the Bar of Ireland the Hon. Judge Gowan, a Senator of Canada, in recognition of his distinguished position as a jurist. Judge Gowan, who is sojourning in Dublin, was entertained by Lord Ashbourne.

Colonel J. T. North presided at the jubilee dinner of the Royal General Theatrical Fund, held on Nov. 7 in the Whitehall Rooms of the Hôtel Métropole, and attended by a large company of ladies and gentlemen, chiefly connected with the dramatic profession. Subscriptions to the amount of £1800 were announced, including £100 from the Queen, £500 from Colonel North, 100 guineas from Messrs. De Rothschild, and 50 guineas from Mr. Alfred De Rothschild. The musical arrangements were elaborate, and contributed very effectively to the enjoyment of the evening.

THE GAUR, OR INDIAN BISON.

The gardens of the Zoological Society have just received a very interesting addition to their collection, the Gaur, or Indian bison, the first ever brought alive to Europe. This specimen is a young bull, probably not yet two years old, presented by Sir Cecil E. Smith, K.C.M.G., Governor of the Straits Settlements, Singapore, who received it from the Sultan of Pahang. It was brought to England on board the Peninsular and Oriental steamer *Robilla* by Captain G. W. Horne, who took great care of the valuable animal during the voyage.

The *Field* of June 1 gave an account of the capture of this animal, and many others of this species, in a kraal built or



THE GAUR, OR INDIAN BISON,
AT THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY'S GARDENS.

constructed under the direction of the Sultan of Pahang, who personally superintended the undertaking. The barricade was two and a half miles in length, and 1500 men were employed in fixing strong poles and making secure this extraordinary kraal, the entrance from the mainland being about half a mile wide. As these animals were known annually to come down to feed upon this spot, the Sultan determined to make the necessary preparation for their capture, and in this succeeded in securing twenty-four at one catch. The fury of fighting that took place among these powerful animals is fully set forth: many of them were killed outright, others so injured as to be past recovery. It was a pitiable sight next morning to see the twelve survivors all jaded and gory, utterly exhausted, but still vicious and "game." It was with much difficulty that these creatures could be driven into large bamboo rafts and sent down to Pekan, a distance of 150 miles; from Pekan they had to be forwarded to Singapore. Several of the adult bulls were over eighteen hands in height.

Lord Rosebery has been by acclamation re-elected Chairman of the London County Council, and Sir John Lubbock reappointed Vice-Chairman; Mr. Haggis being elected Deputy Chairman, at a salary of £1500.

ART MAGAZINES FOR NOVEMBER.

The *Art Journal* for November opens with an account of the sale of M. Secrétan's fine collection of pictures in Paris last July, when Millet's picture "The Angelus" was sold for £22,120. Mr. Richard Davey contributes an interesting paper on Adrienne Le Couvreur, the great French actress, and Mr. Henry Wallis one on antique glass. Mr. J. E. Hodgson, R.A., and Mr. Fred. A. Eaton, secretary of the Royal Academy, have collaborated in an article on that institution and its first officers and members, and Mrs. Alfred Hunt writes of Rokeby, the seat of the Rokebys immortalised by Sir Walter Scott.

The *Art Annual* for 1889 contains the life and work of Rosa Bonheur, by René Peyrol, illustrated with engravings and facsimiles of some of the works of the famous French animal-painter. This remarkable woman was born at Bordeaux in 1822, her father being an artist of some talent, and to him she owed all her early artistic training. She exhibited in the Salon before she had attained her twentieth year, and in a very short time after that her genius was meeting with a recognition that soon placed her in the highest rank of living French painters. "The Horse Fair," in our National Gallery in London, is the best-known of her pictures in England; but she has studied and painted, with marvellous power and sympathy, lions, tigers, dogs, sheep, cows, deer—any animals, in short, that she has been able to watch.

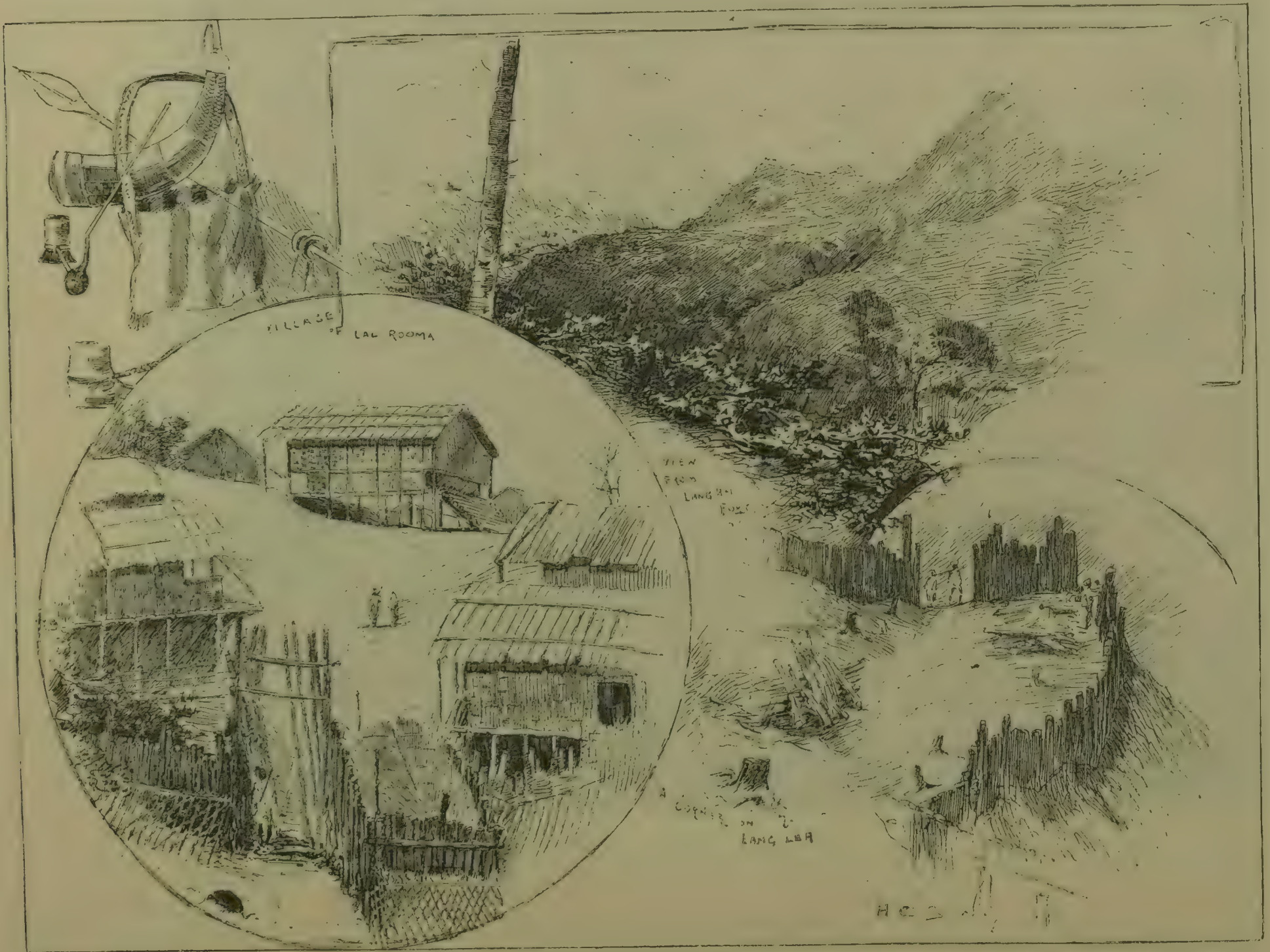
The *Magazine of Art*.—Mr. Charles Whibley's able paper, "The Philosophy of Laughter," with Mr. Fred Barnard's admirable illustrations, will attract some notice. Facial expression has always been Mr. Barnard's forte, and he has taken advantage of the ample opportunities of displaying his power afforded by such a subject. Mr. Charles Stuart's sketches in Wild Wales are delightful, and Mr. Walter Armstrong's account of the National Gallery of Scotland is interesting and appreciative. The frontispiece to this issue is a photogravure of Professor Herkomer's "Last Muster."

We have received from Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co. the first number of a new monthly publication, entitled *Sun Artists*, dealing, as the name would show, with photography. The first issue contains some account of the work of Mr. J. Gale, whose photographs of rural life are so well known, and the four plates are beautiful reproductions of his skill.

We have received from Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston, Searle, and Rivington, besides the usual monthly number for November of *Our Celebrities*, the Christmas number, containing excellent photographs, by Mr. Walery, of her Majesty the Queen, H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, and H.R.H. the Princess of Wales, with monographs by Mr. Clement Scott. The November issue of the same periodical contains portraits of the Earl of Lytton, Dr. Louis Pasteur, and M. Gustave Eiffel.

Messrs. Hatchards, of Piccadilly, publish a monthly periodical of something the same nature as the above, entitled *Dignitaries of the Church*. Among the Churchmen whose photographs are reproduced in the numbers for October and November may be mentioned the Archbishop of Armagh, the Bishop of Bath and Wells, and the Rev. Canon Body.

Mr. S. Bing's interesting *Journal of Japanese Arts and Industries* continues to keep up its high standard of beauty and excellence: the coloured plates in the latest number are particularly delicate and refined.



SKETCHES IN THE LUSHAI COUNTRY, BETWEEN CHITTAGONG AND BURMAH.

SANTA FÉ.

Modern history advances by leaps and bounds. Exploration, cultivation, mining, manufactures, railroads, and telegraphs accomplish in a few months what the old warlike invaders could not effect in centuries. Every schoolboy knows about the Spanish conquests in South America. That story has faded into dim traditions of battle, murder, pillage, cruelty, and lust. For ages little was heard about Mexico, until, in 1821, its people declared their independence of Spanish rule. During the next twenty-five years numerous revolutions occurred. The leaders of opposite factions, or ambitious military adventurers, intrigued, schemed, assassinated, or fought for supremacy. It was difficult to say which was the dominant party, or how many days a particular Government was likely to endure. At last, what is known as the Mexican War broke out with the United States, resulting in the annexation by the latter of nearly a quarter of a million of square miles of territory, partly grazing, but chiefly mineral, now called New Mexico and Arizona.

Santa Fé, the capital of the former, is the second oldest city in the United States; St. Augustine, in Florida, being regarded as the earliest. The "City of the Holy Faith" was founded by the Spaniards about 1585. Several of their exploring parties had traversed the district during the previous fifty or sixty years. They brought back marvellous accounts of the extent and wealth of the country, the magnificence of its cities, and the warlike qualities of its people. Not until 1582 was there any successful attempt at colonisation. Nor was this done without much fighting, loss, and hardship. The natives were loosely described as Indians, and the name, though ethnologically erroneous, has adhered to them ever since. Columbus and all the early voyagers supposed that a new way to India was to be discovered by sailing due west, and they imagined at first that the American continent was part of the Indies.

Among the early Spanish settlers were always to be found some priests and friars, who went forth on missionary enterprises. This explains the numerous churches, extant or in ruins, found in Mexico. That of San Miguel, in Santa Fé, was built soon after the first occupation of the country. This stood until 1680, when it was dismantled, with many other buildings, in a great uprising of the natives, maddened to desperation by the customary misgovernment, cruelty, and rapacity of the Spaniards. These were driven out with great slaughter, but in twelve years the country was again subjugated. The present church was reared in 1710. There is a much older one near by, in Santa Cruz, dating from the sixteenth century, and containing several paintings and images said to have been brought from Spain at the time of the Conquest. The Old Palace, as the Spanish Governor's residence, built in 1591, is called, still remains as one of the antiquities of Santa Fé.

The place has not yet changed its essential character, although some changes have necessarily been made with the advent of the railroad, and many more are impending. In the main, it is the old Mexican town founded by the Spanish Dons in the time of Queen Elizabeth and Drake. There is the usual broad plaza, or square, nearly surrounded by one-storeyed buildings, each having its swarthy, dark-eyed inhabitants, still speaking a provincial form of the old language. The neighbourhood is rich in precious stones, including turquoise, onyx, agate, garnet, and opal. Mexican flagstone jewellery is made in the same way as it was done by the Indians long before the Spanish Conquest. But side by side with the quaint old city a modern one is rising. Hotels, a hospital, churches of various denominations, public buildings, large stores, railroad works, and all the other adjuncts of the times are rapidly appearing. The aroma of antiquity will soon vanish before the modern stream of utilitarianism that is pouring along the railroads.

Most of the native dwellings around the city and throughout New Mexico are built of mud bricks, called "adobes." Mixing a little broken straw with the soil, rough blocks, about twice the size of ordinary bricks, are moulded, dried in the sun, and piled up in the form of a wall, with spaces high up for a door and windows. After the wall is dry, it is smeared over, inside and out, with a thin paste of earth and water, smoothed with the palms of the hands. The roof is formed of rough timbers covered with boards, on which is spread dry earth, to the depth of twelve inches or more. The intense heat of the sun speedily consolidates the mass, and rude gutters are made to carry off the tropical rains. Access is gained by a ladder, as the flat roof is used for drying fruit and grain, and for a lounging-place for the family. Occasionally, one of these adobes consists of two storeys, and has a few outbuildings, in the form of dwarf mud huts, for storage.

The single dwelling, however, is a modern innovation. Most of the native "pueblos," or villages, are found in compact, continuous blocks, surrounded by the semblance of a wall for protection. The rooms are gloomy, because the apertures serving for windows are very small. The earthen floor is covered with skins, which, with blankets, furnish the beds. The cooking utensils are primitive, and the culinary art, such as it is, is practised out of doors. In nearly every house will be found a board a few inches square, on which is depicted a saint, or a group of saints, usually in red or yellow; for intense colours are much admired, as in all lands of the sun. This is seen also in the dress and in general ornamentation. Of the Indians, as usually described, there were in New Mexico only just over ten thousand at the last census in 1880. The entire population was then twelve times that number, and it has probably doubled in the interval by immigration.

The early Jesuit missionaries grafted the Christian faith upon the superstitions and traditions of the aborigines. The result is curious. One typical instance is furnished by the mystic rites performed at Pueblo de Tuos to celebrate the festival of the patron saint, San Geronimo, the Spanish St. Jerome. This occurs on the last day of September, and attracts a large concourse, dressed in gay and fantastic garb. The padre from Santa Fé first conducts service in the little church. Then there are rhetorical addresses to the crowd. There is a superabundance of drum-beating and musket-firing. A procession is formed to the race-track, three hundred yards long. Two sets of fifty competitors, naked and painted, commence a slow dance. In the midst of it a number of young Mexicans mounted on wild ponies rush through, the leader swinging by the neck the "gallo," or cock, the sign of the saint.

Then the races begin, one from each side taking part. As soon as the goal is reached, two others set off, and this is continued for two or three hours, the sum of victories determining the result. More processions of the victors, with plenty of drumming as an accompaniment to a wild chant, work up the crowd to a pitch of excitement that prepares them for the antics of six hideously painted clowns who perform mimic cock- and bull-fights and disport themselves in outrageous fashion. As the sun sets, the mob gathers around a pine-pole, fifty feet high, on which a miserable sheep has been tied all the day. Amid their yells it is hurled to the ground by the most successful climber, and is torn to pieces and carried off, with bread, fruit, grain, and vegetables that are distributed or scrambled for. In this manner the saintly festival is brought to an end.

W. H. S. A.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

D A (Dublin).—We recollect the position very well; but it was too complicated for our readers. Puzzles must not be hard enough to be distasteful.

G HEATCOTE.—Thanks for information, which, however, we had already printed. We note with pleasure your promise of a contribution, and are obliged for your favourable criticism of No 2376.

J H PRITCHARD.—Messrs Pierce, in their analysis of the gambit, have carefully examined your suggested defence of 7. Kt takes P, and propose to continue by 8. Q B takes P. We think, with you, however, the defence is one of the strongest to this opening.

BERNARD REYNOLDS.—It has been much admired.

G ADAMSON.—The words and the facts are equally acceptable. Many thanks.

H PRICE (Dudley).—We are obliged for your courteous communication.

E L (Kensington).—The problem in its present form appears correct, but, although possessing some neat points, is hardly brilliant enough for a publishing problem.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2372 received from F Kumana (Bombay) and F G (Natal); of No. 2373 from F Kumana and J Church; of No. 2375 from D A, A W H Gell, Charles Etherington, and Del Dusso (Paris); of No. 2376 from T Roberts, A W H Gell, Rev Windford Cooper, Columbus, A W H Gell, H Beaumont, D A, and Del Dusso.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2378 received from R Worters (Canterbury), J Ross (Whitley), Mrs Kelly, Fr Fernando, R F N Banks, Mrs Wilson (Plymouth), Howard A, D McCoy (Galway), Dawn, E Louden, T G (Ware), E Casella (Paris), X Harris, Jupiter Junior, Martin F, J Coad, G J Veale, L Desmases, D A (Dublin), A W Hamilton Gell (Exeter), Shadforth, Riddeman, Hugh G R Cunningham, Rev Windford Cooper, Del Dusso (Paris), Dr F S, J T W, Thomas Chown, W R Raitlen, Julia Short, R H Brooks, Columbus, Bernard Reynolds, W Scott McDonald, Dr Waltz (Heidelberg), J Wright, F Smee, Donald Greenwell, E O'Gorman (Dublin), E J G Piffard, W R Allen, H B Harford, E E H, E Rogers, T Roberts, J D Tucker (Leeds), R M S, Walter Hooper, Ben, M Sharp, F Anderson (Leith), H S B (Ben Rhydding), and J E Herbert (Ashford).

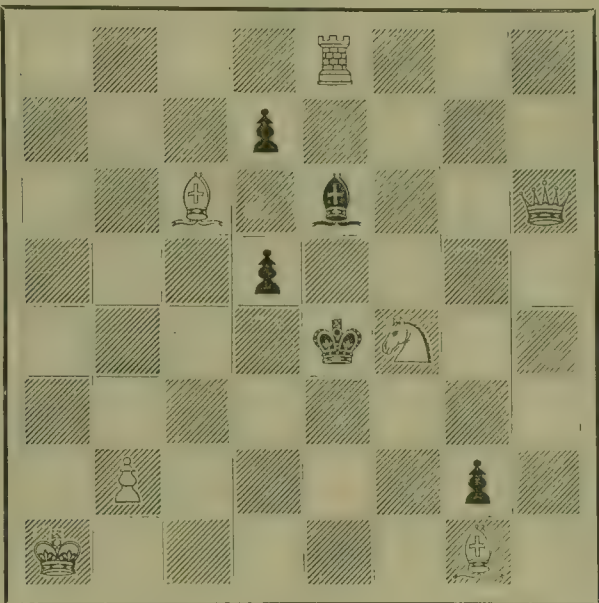
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2376.—By J. W. ABBOTT.

WHITE. 1. Q to Kt sq. 2. Kt to B 4th (ch) 3. Q or Kt mates.

BLACK. K to K 4th K moves

If Black play 1. P to B 5th, then 2. Q to Q sq (ch); if 1. R takes Kt, then 2. B to B 3rd (ch), &c.

PROBLEM No. 2380. By F. G. TUCKER. BLACK.



WHITE. White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN HERTFORDSHIRE. Game played at Ware between Messrs. F. N. BRAUND and Mr. X. (Scotch Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Mr. X.)	WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Mr. X.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	22. Kt to B 4th	Kt takes Q P
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	An error. Black evidently overlooked that he would not be able to regain the piece. He has, under any circumstances, the inferior game. If B to Kt 4th, 23. Kt takes P, B takes R (ch); 24. R takes R, Kt to Q 6th; 25. R to K 7th, Kt takes P; 26. R takes Kt P, and should win.	
3. P to Q 4th	P takes P	23. B takes Kt	B to Kt 4th
4. Kt takes P	B to B 4th	24. R takes R (ch)	R takes R
5. B to K 3rd	Kt to B 3rd	25. B takes P (ch)	
6. P to Q B 3rd	Kt to K 2nd	The shortest road to victory.	
7. Kt to B 2nd	B to Kt 3rd	25. K takes B	K to B sq
Black should either play P to Q 3rd or B takes B followed by P to Q 3rd.		26. Kt to Q 6th (ch)	K to B sq
8. Q Kt to R 3rd	Castles	27. Kt takes R	B takes Kt
Q to Kt 3rd and then Kt to Q sq seems necessary here.		28. R to K sq	B to B 3rd
9. Kt to Kt 5th	P to Q 4th	29. K to B 2nd	K to Kt 2nd
A weak move, which loses a Pawn: Q to K 4th should have been played.		30. R to K 7th (ch)	K to Kt 3rd
10. B takes B	B takes B	31. P to Q Kt 4th	P to Kt 4th
11. Kt to B 7th	R to Kt sq	32. P to Kt 3rd	P to K R 4th
12. Kt takes P	Kt takes Kt	33. K to K 3rd	P to B 4th
13. P takes Kt	Kt to K 4th	34. K to Q 4th	K to B 3rd
14. B to K 2nd	B to B 4th	35. R to Q B 7th	K to Kt 4th
15. Kt to K 3rd	B to Q 2nd	36. P to K R 4th (ch)	
16. Castles	K R to K sq	If R takes B, P takes R; 37. K to B 3th, K to Kt 5th, &c.	
17. Q to Q 4th	P to Q R 3rd	36. K to Kt 5th	
18. K R to K sq	Q R to Q sq	37. R to Kt 7th (ch),	And wins.
Black should avoid the exchange of Queens by Q to Kt 3rd.			
19. P to K B 4th	Kt to Kt 3rd		
20. Q takes Q	P takes Q		
21. B to B 3rd	Kt takes P		

The following problem gained the first prize in the Sheffield Independent Tourney referred to in our last issue:—

By G. HEATCOTE, Manchester.

White: K at K B 8th, Q at K 8th, Kts at K sq and Q Kt sq, B at Q Kt 7th; Ps at Q R 2nd, Q Kt 4th, Q R 5th, and K 5th.

Black: K at Q 5th, B at Q R 8th, Kt at Q R sq; Ps at Q R 3rd, Q Kt 4th, Q B 6th, K B 4th, K R 3rd and 4th.

White to play, and mate in three moves. Correct solutions will be acknowledged.

On Thursday, Oct. 31, Mr. J. H. Blackburne gave an exhibition of simultaneous play at Dudley Mechanics' Institution, when he encountered twenty-nine opponents. He won 20 games, drew 8, and lost 1, his solitary victor being Mr. George Bellingham, a young gentleman of fifteen years of age. The following evening Mr. Blackburne visited the Athenaeum Chess Club, Manchester, when, against twenty-six of its members, he scored 19 wins, 4 draws, and 2 defeats.

We have received the annual report of the Liverpool Chess Club, which records a successful year's work. Its membership numbers upwards of 120, and under the able presidency of Mr. A. Burn, the celebrated English master, advance has been made towards a higher standard of excellence in play than anything hitherto attained.

The City of London Club Tournament is making good progress. Among the first-class players, the leaders are: Mr. R. Loman, Mr. E. O. Jones, the Rev. J. F. Sugden, Dr. S. Smith, Mr. G. A. Hooke, Mr. C. Morian, and Mr. A. Mocatta. Those of the second class as yet to the front are: Dr. W. C. Copeland, Mr. W. J. Evans, Mr. E. Hamburger, Mr. L. Stiebel, Mr. G. E. Morrison, Mr. T. C. Gibbons, and Mr. S. A. Hawkins.

Mr. Corney Grain has presented a new sketch, entitled "I've taken a House," at Mr. and Mrs. German Reed's Entertainment, St. George's Hall. In the sketch Mr. Grain describes most amusingly the difficulties he has met with in assuming the responsibility of a householder for the first time, and his sufferings at the hands of his would-be advisers. Humorous songs are introduced illustrating the situations; among others, "On the Move," "The Dog and the Muzzle," "Advice on Furniture," and "The British Workman." The account of the ubiquitous plumber and the various tradesmen callers is most amusing. It is well received by a large audience, previously delighted with a capital performance of the laughable comedietta "Tuppins and Co.," by Mr. Malcolm Watson.

THE ZAMBESI AND SHIRÉ RIVERS.

The important steps recently taken by British naval officers and Consuls, under instructions from her Majesty's Government, to secure command of an entrance from the Zambesi, which is free to all nations, into the Shiré, up which lies the route of inland communication with Lake Nyassa, have attracted much notice. The Portuguese dominion of Mozambique, extending to Delagoa Bay, far down the east coast of South Africa, includes the port of Quillimane, with the northern mouth of the Zambesi; but the delta of that great river contains several other navigable mouths, one of which, the Chinde, was recently explored by Captain Andrew Francis Balfour, R.N., commanding H.M.S. Stork, on the Admiralty surveying service. On Aug. 12, the British Consul at Mozambique, Mr. Johnson, who had entered the Zambesi in a British gun-boat, by the Chinde mouth, and had gone on up the Shiré in a steam-boat belonging to the African Lakes Company, performed the significant act of hoisting the British flag at the Ruo station, henceforth marking the limit of Portuguese authority. The Ruo is a smaller river flowing into the Shiré, and here is a wooding station to supply fuel to the steam-boats going up to the landing-place for Blantyre, the English Missionary Station on Lake Nyassa. We are indebted to the Rev. W. A. Scott, M.B., of the Church Missionary Agency, who was a witness to the hoisting of our flag at the Ruo, for a sketch of that interesting scene. The Shiré hills are seen in the distance, Chipirane to the extreme right. The steamer is the Lady Nyassa, which has been twice at the bottom of the river. There is a crowd of spectators also watching the James Stevenson steamer, which is moored to the rope in the foreground. The Consul in his voyage up the river passed the Portuguese army, composed of 200 or 300 Zulus, under the command of the celebrated traveller Major Serpa Pinto, on its way to take Nyassa-land. Owing to the opposition of the chiefs, however, Major Serpa Pinto was finding it impossible to proceed. Almost all the chiefs in that district have acknowledged British rule.

THRESHING CORN IN CHILE.

The sketch of this scene of rural industry in the fertile agricultural districts of Southern Chile, which produce much wheat for export, affording good remuneration to the farmer, was drawn by our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior. A Chilean farmer has a large herd of horses, and keeps a number of mares specially for threshing his corn. He forms a circle of 100 yards or 200 yards diameter, around the circumference of which the corn which he has reaped is laid; and the mares gallop round, treading out the grain, driven by men behind, sometimes by men on horseback. As the grain is threshed out, the straw is piled in the centre, and fresh sheaves of corn are put down. The ground is perfectly hard and dry, so that there is little difficulty in collecting the grain; but it must be a wasteful, though an ancient and customary, process, as it is in many countries of the world.

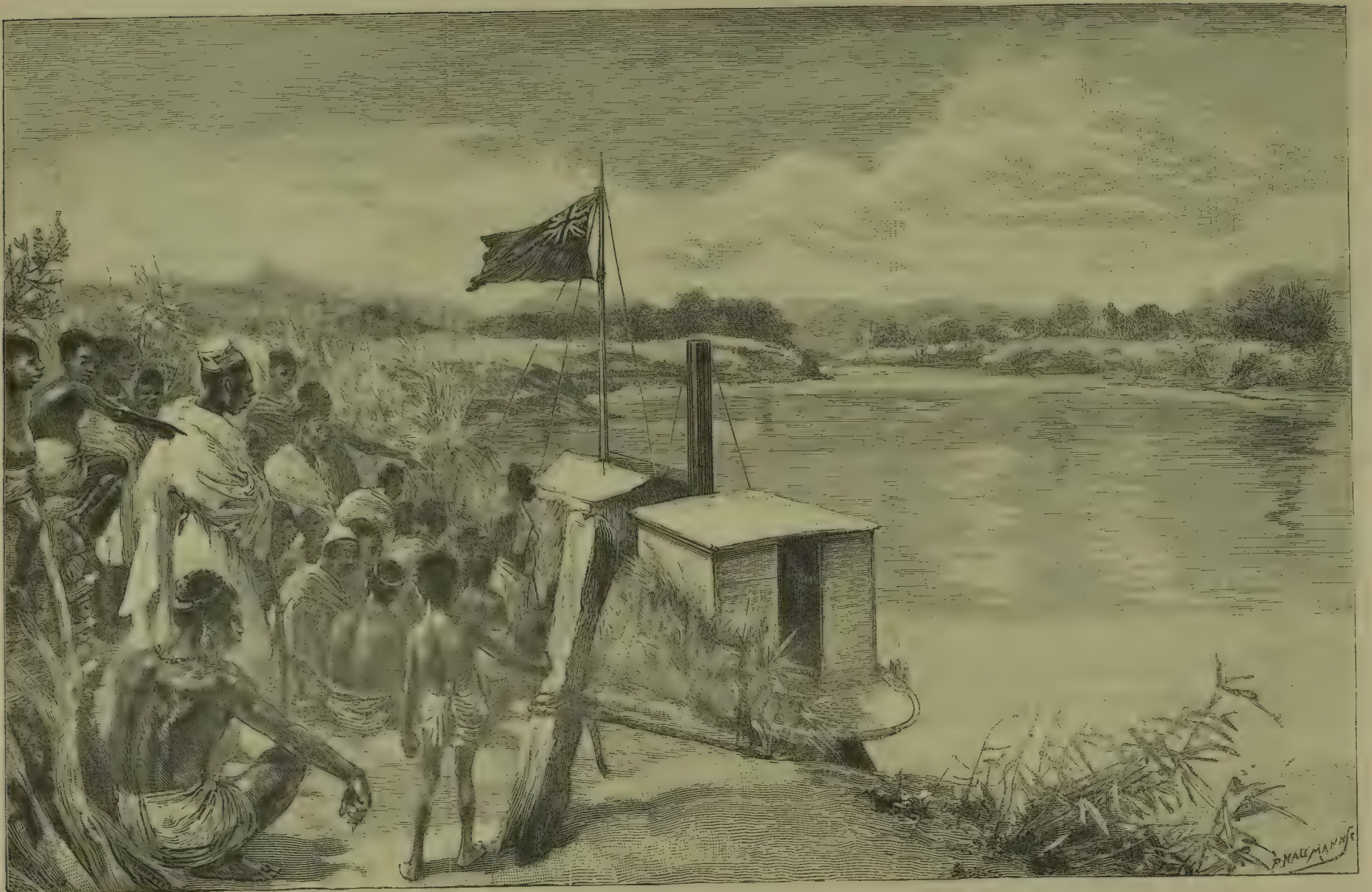
THE RECLAMATION OF CRIMINALS.

Mr. George Hutton, superintendent of the St. Giles Christian Mission, calls public attention through our columns to that department of the St. Giles Christian Mission which has for its object the reclamation of the criminal classes. He says: "The work has now been carried on for twelve years, and during that period the continued decrease of serious crime in the country has encouraged us to persevere in our efforts, while it has convinced us that we are using the most effective means of repressing a great social evil, and one which entails vast expense to the public; while turning the transgressors themselves into honest courses. The Report of the Directors of Convict Prisons just issued shows that the number of persons who were in penal servitude in 1877 was 10,763, and that in July of the present year the number had fallen to 6405. The number of offenders from the Army and Navy was 350 in 1884, but at present it is only 81. Not less satisfactory is the falling off in the total of female convicts. There was a small increase in the number committed to local prisons last year; but if we take the average of ten years the decrease under this head is quite as satisfactory. Thus, in March 1878, our local prisons contained a population of 20,833, and in 1889 this had fallen to 14,758. We claim that through the blessing of God these results are partly due to the influences which this society has brought to bear upon a large number of criminals at the critical time of their leaving prison; and, as the work is necessarily a costly one, we ask the public to encourage these efforts by contributing to the working funds. On every week-day morning a breakfast is prepared near the gates of the four metropolitan prisons, and all the discharged prisoners are invited to attend. Out of about 18,000 last year 15,200 became our guests, and, while more than a third of these signed the temperance pledge, between 7000 and 8000 were assisted in various ways to obtain an honest footing in the world, and more than 1000 passed through our Industrial Home in Brook-street, Holborn. Some hundreds of boys have also been given into our charge by Judges and Magistrates since September 1887, and these have passed through our Home in Greville-street, Hatton-garden, which has now proved too small for our needs, and we have had to secure additional premises. As the annual saving to the taxpayers is already over £200,000, in prison expenses alone, without counting the indirect gain by so greatly decreased a number of persons preying upon the public, may we not with confidence ask to be supported in these operations? At the present moment we are in great need, and, unless we are enabled to secure at least £1000 at once, we shall have to curtail our efforts. I cannot think the public will allow this."

Contributions will be thankfully acknowledged if sent to the treasurer, Mr. F. A. Bevan, 54, Lombard-street, E.C.; or to Mr. George Hutton, 4, Ampton-street, Regent-square, W.C.

Colonel Sterling has resigned the command of the 2nd Battalion Coldstream Guards, now stationed at Windsor, and will be succeeded by Colonel Lord Digby. The post of second in command goes to Colonel Lord Falmouth, who served with the Camel Corps in the Nile expedition of 1884.

The third annual Lord Mayor's Day banquet to poor people in the East-End was given on Nov. 12 to 3000 men, women, and children, in Charrington's Assembly Hall, Mile-end-road. They had been gathered together by the 400 or 500 voluntary workers connected with the hall, the only qualification being poverty and hunger. Unfortunately the contributions to the cost of the banquet fell considerably short of the £150 required, and Mr. Charrington appeals for subscriptions to make up the deficit. The bill of fare was not the same as that at the Guild-hall. It comprised one pork pie, a pound of cake, two apples, and unlimited tea for each. Towards the close of the feast Mr. Charrington announced that this telegram had been sent to the Lord Mayor: "Hearty congratulations from 3000 poor at the East-End banquet in the Great Assembly Hall." Loud cheers followed the statement. Professor Malden's "Dioramic Entertainment" took up the second half of the evening, and some vigorous music was provided by the Crusaders' Band.

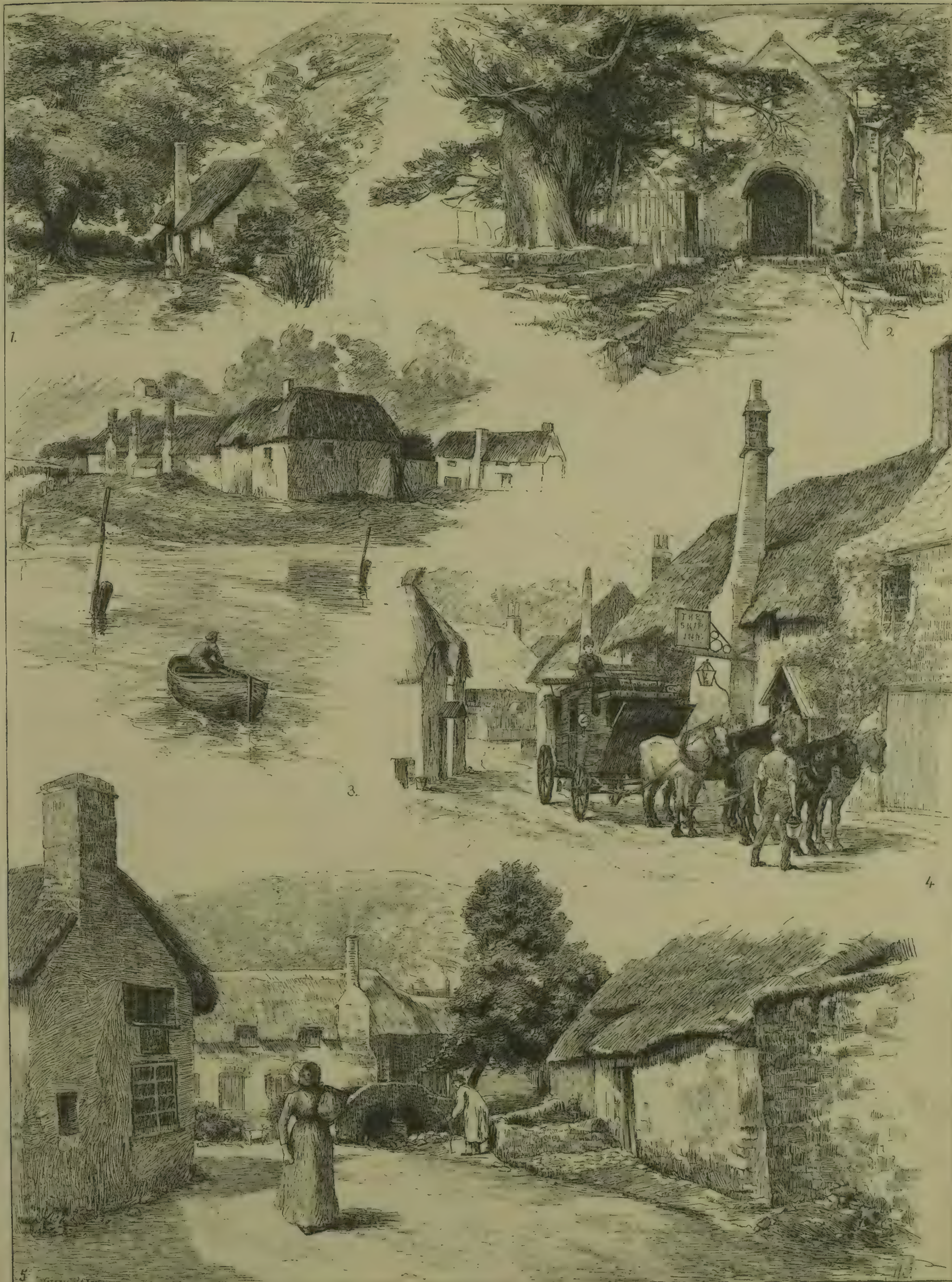


HOISTING THE BRITISH FLAG ON THE RUO, UP THE SHIRÉ RIVER FROM THE ZAMBESI, SOUTH-EAST AFRICA.



THRESHING CORN IN CHILE.

SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. MELTON PRIOR.



1. Old Walnut Tree near Bossington.

2. Yew Tree in Porlock Churchyard.

3. The Harbour at Porlock Weir.

4. The Ship Inn, Porlock.

5. The Bridge at Allerford.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

THE DILUTION OF DISEASE.

I dare say, to begin with, many of my readers may remark the somewhat peculiar nature of the title of this paper; but I may reassure them on this point, at least, by the assertion that the phrase in question is a perfectly legitimate expression, and indicates a certainty of modern science withal. The old ideas about diseases, that, like the wind, they came and went mysteriously, have been sent to the right-about in these latter days. The microscope, in patient hands and lissom fingers, has been revealing to us the secrets of the Great Lone Land which borders the swamp flats of disease, and has been placing the means of escape from that dismal territory within our grasp. For instance, we know that all our grave fevers and epidemics are due to the multiplication within our bodies of the microscopic living particles we call "germs." The body is the soil; the germ is the seed; and the disease is the harvest of misfortune which we are bound to reap when the process of sowing has been of effectual nature. Each disease has its specific germ—of that there can be little or no doubt; but much also depends in the way of disease-production upon the soil. Descending from metaphor, I mean that, while in one person a fever germ will flourish and grow "from more to more," in another person that germ will fail to find a resting-place. There is, perhaps, no accounting for this fact, save by referring its explanation to individual peculiarities of body which render the one person susceptible, and the other person not. This is all that can be said meanwhile; but it is enough for our present needs in the way of explanation.

When we learn the history of such a disease as that which attacks sheep and cattle under the name of splenic fever, we begin to understand what is meant by the dilution of disease. This disease, transferred to man, forms the "wool-sorters' disease," which was once upon a time only too well known in Bradford and elsewhere. That it is caused by the growth of a germ is an undoubted fact. We see the germs in the blood of the infected animal. We can watch them multiplying under our microscopes. We can produce the disease by inoculating a healthy animal with a few of the germs we obtain from the blood of a diseased one. No doubt exists, then, that a distinct living particle, capable of breeding and multiplying in the blood of certain animals, is the cause of splenic fever. With most other ailments, the case is similar. Chicken-cholera—a disease eminently fatal to fowls—has been similarly proved to be caused by a living germ. Of typically human ailments we may not, at present, be able to speak so confidently; but no competent observer doubts, for instance, that smallpox, scarlet fever, typhoid fever, typhus, diphtheria, and all the vile host of epidemics owe their spread and propagation to the fact of their being the products of germ-growth. Year by year we are increasing our knowledge of germs in relation to infectious diseases. Difficulties of observation and of experiment may retard and prevent the discovery of the exact germ which gives origin to some of our ailments; but logically, and arguing from the known to the unknown, we are certain the germs of such ailments exist. Everywhere, then, we seem to be environed by a great army of germs, some harmless and some hurtful. Modern science looks to the germ as the very incarnation of disease, and in thus regarding it science is sure of its standpoint.

Hopeless as might appear to be the task of combating and fighting the cloud of germs, it is satisfactory to know that science does not leave us at all defeated in face of our microscopic adversaries. Let us see how the principle of the dilution of disease aids us here. It is certain, as Pasteur and others have proved, that if we inoculate a healthy animal with germs taken from another animal suffering from a given disease, the latter will succumb to the ailment. In full force appears the disease in such a case. The germ has itself been one of full strength, and the phases of the disease which follow on inoculation are of corresponding virility. A new thought, however, intervenes here, as the result of experiment on germs themselves. It has been found not only possible but relatively easy to cultivate germs artificially—that is, outside the body of the living animal. By employing particular fluids, as nearly akin as it is possible to obtain them, to the blood which is their natural habitat, we may grow our germs in peace and safety. They are kept at the proper temperature, and are invited to breed and multiply as freely as if they were placed within the living frame. To this invitation they duly respond. We can raise crop after crop of germs in this fashion. One generation gives origin to another, and this to a third, and so on. Then also we can submit these artificial germ-cultures to various influences of heat, air, &c., with a view to ascertain how far we may be able to tamper with their original and inherent powers of producing disease.

Such experimentation has been more than successful. Pasteur and his co-workers in this field have been enabled to modify these germs to very appreciable extent, and also to very good purpose. It is this artificial culture which represents the true dilution of disease. For a germ which, in its full strength and uncultivated, never fails to produce a deadly disease, is found to become a much milder being after artificial culture. We have diluted its disease-producing powers in this fashion. It is no longer the inevitably fatal speck whose attack means death to the invaded subject. Contrariwise, it is a somewhat mild-mannered thing, given to hide its head somewhat in the presence of its conqueror, Science. This diluted disease-matter has been put to a further and most important use. It is found that if an animal be inoculated with the diluted—that is, the artificially cultivated—germs, it no longer dies as a matter of course. It merely develops a slight and mild form of the disease which is produced in full force by the non-diluted germs. Nor is this all. We discover that one attack of a disease, however mild, serves, as a rule, to protect the animal against any succeeding attack. This is the great use of the principle of disease-dilution. We can use these modified germs to inoculate animals, and thereby to save them from the onslaught of the full-powered particles. Inoculation is, in fact, a trade in modified germs: it is the practical application of a very great and beneficial discovery of science.

At this day, cattle and sheep are inoculated by the thousand in France for the prevention of splenic fever. Fowls can be successfully protected in this way against the attack of the fatal chicken-cholera. Vaccination is itself an application of the same principle of the dilution of disease. Smallpox germs, modified somehow or other by their passage through the tissues of the lower animal, possess the power of protecting us against the grave form of the disease. Possibly, nay, probably, this principle will be made to extend yet further in the way of protective medicine. At best, it is now in its infancy; but we may be neither over-enthusiastic nor credulous if we look forward to a day when, in virtue of this discovery, many of our present plagues will be banished from our presence to afflict the sons of men no more.

ANDREW WILSON.

PORLOCK, SOMERSETSHIRE.

Long ago, in the days of those romantic outlaws the Doones, the village of Porlock was more important among its neighbours than in these times, when its rival, Minehead, is especially favoured as the terminus of the branch railway from Taunton. Porlock, however, is a place of great attractiveness in point of scenery, on the coast of the Bristol Channel. The village lies back in the centre of an amphitheatre of hills, opening to the sea, with a stretch of level and cultivated ground, about half a mile wide, gently trending up from the shore to the foot of the densely wooded slopes. Straggling in picturesque irregularity along the Minehead road, it serves as a halfway stopping-place for the coaches, which are reinforced at the Ship Inn, the chief hotel of the village, by an additional horse, to assist in the ascent of the tremendously steep hill to the top of the moor in the direction of Lynmouth.

It is during the hunting season that Porlock is most full of visitors; and from the beginning of August on into the late autumn bi-weekly "meets" are held at various points over Exmoor. Many a time has the wearied stag come down to the water by Porlock, and swum out to sea, only to be followed in boats and brought back to land at Porlock Weir. This latter place, rather more than a mile from Porlock proper, is a miniature seaport, possessing a rather rudimentary harbour, and a small carrying trade with the opposite coast of Wales.

On the farther side of the bay, sheltered behind the downs which form the landward side of Hurlstone Point, is the quaint little cluster of houses dignified by the name of Bossington; and close by is its companion village, Allerford—both true types of the peaceful rustic communities which are now only to be found in such places as this out-of-the-way corner of Somersetshire.

Sir J. C. Lawrence on Nov. 6 opened the free library which, by the handsome gift of Miss Durning Smith, has been erected at Kenington-cross, at a cost of upwards of £10,000.

Sir William Harcourt distributed the Science and Art Prizes at the Hartley Institution, Southampton, on Nov. 7. Sir William highly commended the study of modern languages; and, speaking of chemistry, said he used to spend much time in a laboratory, but of late years he had been engaged in more explosive pursuits.

Prince Christian, Lord High Sheriff of Windsor, at the Guildhall, on Nov. 7, publicly presented the Mayor of Windsor, on behalf of the borough and neighbourhood, with a handsome silver dessert service and an illuminated address, in recognition of his labours on behalf of the town as Mayor during the last two years, especially in connection with the Windsor Show of the Royal Agricultural Society of England.

The Rev. Percy George Benson, Vicar of Hoo (a small village in Kent), who has been suspended by Lord Penzanze (before whom he declined to appear) for one year from his office for refusing to administer the Holy Communion to Mrs. Amy Emily Swayne because she had attended a Wesleyan chapel, has disregarded the order. Before the morning service on Nov. 10, the Rev. F. W. S. Le Lievre, Curate of Frindsbury, a neighbouring parish, presented himself in the vestry with the Bishop of Rochester's mandate authorising him to conduct the service. He showed the mandate to the Vicar, who declined to permit him to officiate. Mr. Benson conducted the service himself without interruption.

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WALT WHITMAN.

The robust and independent personality of this famous American is regarded with esteem by many whose critical taste has missed a transcendental perception of the merits of his contributions to the literature of the age. A healthy optimism, in accordance with Emersonian religious views, and an impassioned faith in democracy, for which those who believe in the divinely ordained progress of humanity may think there is much to be said, are his undeniable mental characteristics. If the poet is one who cherishes high and grand ideals, and who discerns in all nature tokens of profound ethical truths and of mystic spiritual realities, Walt Whitman has these poetical endowments, though he cannot write metrical verse or harmonious prose; at least, he has never attempted to do so. Unlike other leading American authors, who are often more fastidiously careful of form and style than those of Europe, certainly than many of our own countrymen, he spurns the accepted rules and methods of composition. His writings are effusions; outpourings of thought and sentiment, in a freest of speech that overflows regular syntax, and that disdains the artifice of prosody, but that fully expresses his meaning, for the obscure phrases are fewer than in some of our scholarly poets. When he quits the mood of prophetic ecstasy, and avoids that of didactic metaphysical exposition, he has plenty of strong common-sense, and narrates or describes what he has seen as plainly and forcibly as any journalist or reporter. And he has seen a good deal of what has been going on in different parts of the United States for half a century past.

Walt Whitman, a descendant of an old Puritan family of Long Island farmers, but on the mother's side of Dutch ancestry, was born on May 31, 1819, at Huntington, in that island, thirty miles from New York city. He was brought up in the town of Brooklyn, where he learnt the trade of printer in a local newspaper office. He was much in the great city, employed both as printer and newspaper writer or editorial assistant. In 1850, with his brother, he went to the Southern and Western States, working some months at New Orleans. Returning to Brooklyn, he edited the *Freeman*, a daily and weekly paper, and produced a volume of poetic rhapsodies called "Leaves of Grass." The contents of this singular book are neither verse nor prose, but a series of ejaculations and aphorisms presenting many original ideas, and appealing to the common feelings of mind in favour of the natural enjoyment of life, the healthy exercise of the active powers of mind and body, and the frank reception of wholesome influences. It was designed, he says, "to emanate buoyancy and gladness"; and it soon became a favourite book with many readers in England, as well as in America. But we doubt whether its author would have obtained a firm and wide reputation, if events had not associated him with some thrilling incidents of the great military struggle that went on from 1861 to 1865. He volunteered, in the second year of the Civil War, as a relief agent in the army hospitals, which he joined in Virginia at the end of 1862, and worked indefatigably during three years, making over six hundred tours or visits, and personally attending on 80,000 or 100,000 sick or wounded soldiers. Experiences like these, in camp and hospital, in the field and on the march, could not fail to be instructive to the poet and philosopher, who learned more with his heart than with his head. Yet he was not the man to seek in such terrible miseries of his fellow-creatures the materials of literary effect. His notes or diaries, part of which were published, give many touching anecdotes of the brave sufferers, who were of both sides in the war. After this, Walt Whitman held a clerkship in the Attorney-General's Department at Washington, till in 1873 he was stricken with paralysis, and retired to live at Camden, New Jersey, his home from that time. Dwelling with friends in a farmhouse, and spending most of his days in contemplative repose among rural scenes, he has been a minute observer of Nature, studying the trees and flowers, insects and birds, like Thoreau, with the affectionate intimacy of a comrade and disciple. Sometimes visiting the cities, New York, Philadelphia, and Boston, he conversed with Longfellow, Emerson, and other notable men of letters; and he got through much discursive reading. In the autumn of 1879 he was able to travel a long round through the prairie States, as far as Denver in Colorado, and he was afterwards in Lower Canada, but has never been in Europe. We regret to learn that now, at the age of seventy, he is in a very feeble state of health.

It can scarcely be maintained, in sober critical judgment, that Walt Whitman is a great author, or a good writer in point of literary skill. He is modest in pretensions of that kind, and does not rank himself with Emerson, Longfellow, Bryant, and Whittier, the four Americans whom he considers highest in the literature of his time and country. For the more artistic prose writers, Hawthorne, Washington Irving, and several admirable novelists, historians, humourists, and essayists, whose works are a treasure of good English reading, Walt Whitman seems to have little appreciation. His own merits are entire sincerity; an intense love of nature, including human nature, in its broadest, homeliest, and commonest manifestations; a genuine patriotism and love of freedom; a manly individuality which rejects all compromises with fashionable prejudices and mere conventional assumptions; and a spirit of benevolence, which shines through his life as through his writings. The reader who would peruse some of these, for the sake of a sufficient acquaintance with the man Walt Whitman, is advised to procure a shilling volume called "Specimen Days in America"; one of the "Camelot Series," published here by Mr. Walter Scott, Warwick-lane, London. "Leaves of Grass" and "Democratic Vistas," by the same author, may need a special initiation into his creed and faith, which must take time to ripen, even in the American mind, and do not suit our mental climate well.

The Right Rev. Dr. Coffey was consecrated Bishop of Kerry on Nov. 11, at Kilmarnock Cathedral, by Archbishop Croke and twelve other Bishops.

At a meeting of the Master Lightermen's and Barge-owners' Association held on Nov. 9, it was resolved, by 36 votes to 10, to concede the demands of the men in order to terminate the strike.

The Duke of Westminster threw open to the public, on Nov. 9, a new garden in Duke-street, Grosvenor-square, laid out by him on part of his estate from which old tenements had been removed. It comprises a little more than one third of an acre, and consists of grass and plane-trees, with broad asphalted paths. In the garden are several seats; at the eastern end is a drinking-fountain, accessible both from the garden and from the pavement of Duke-street. This open space is part of a scheme of improvement which embraces also the erection, by the Improved Industrial Dwellings Company—under building leases from the Duke—of large blocks of working-class dwellings, named Stalbridge-buildings, Balderton-buildings, Chesham-buildings, and Cavendish-buildings, with others to follow.

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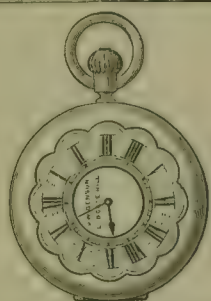
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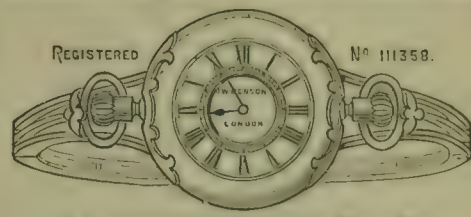
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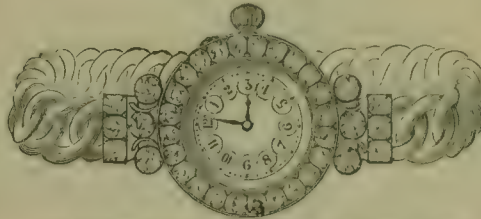


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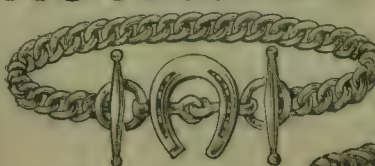
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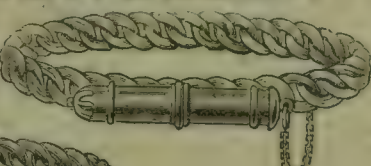
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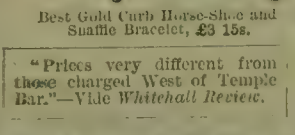


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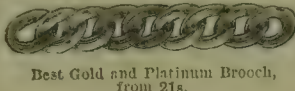
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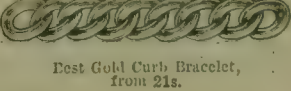
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THE LADIES' COLUMN.

Table decoration hardly becomes a serious difficulty so long as the chrysanthemum is plentiful. These really beautiful blossoms have been greatly developed of late years by the skill of gardeners, and now the improved varieties, which at first were scarce and dear, are to be had in abundance in any good florist's shop. Many of the tints now are quite artistic. They have a very delicate non-aggressive tinting which yet gives a sufficient touch of colour when the blooms are massed in small quantities. This beauty of tone is specially noticeable among the loose-petalled "Japanese" chrysanthemums. There are bronzes, and flame-colours, and terra-cottas, yellows shading to browns, and pinks toning off into white among the specimens, as delicately and even aesthetically coloured as the most severe and correct taste can desire. The purity of a white chrysanthemum, too, is of a peculiar loveliness.

Glaring effects are not sought now on dinner-tables. The day has almost passed of red plush centres, embroidered along the edges with gold, red-shaded lamps, and as much coloured glass, both for drinking from and for holding flowers, as could conveniently be got on the table. Spreads for the centre of a dinner-table are fashionable in delicate-coloured soft silks, or even art muslins, crumpled into careless folds; or are made of a dainty silk of some substance, but pale hue, such as reseda or old pink, sparingly embroidered along the edges with white or with gold, or with the self-colour of the silk. Among the newest centre-spreads are some of pure white linen, of fine yet not too soft quality, embroidered either with coloured flax thread or with gold. A good design to work these in is first to hem-stitch either side and end of the strip of linen. Then, about an inch in from the edge on either side, to draw out several threads and darn plainly up and down in squares with pale blue and pink, or terra-cotta and yellow, or some other contrast, so as to form a narrow border. Finally, work good bold corners, in a conventional design, either in gold or in the same colours as the darned borders, just outlined and touched up with gold. On such a table-centre any sort of china or decoration may be set with a refined and elegant effect.

White china is my favourite ware for flower-holders and stands of every kind on a table; nor does it alter my liking even when the damask in unadorned whiteness covers the

table, or when the centre-spread is of linen only lightly embroidered. It is always possible to get abundance of colour out of the flowers and the shades of the lamps. One does not want too much: it is to rest before the eye for an hour. Here is a typical table decoration: the white linen centre-cloth was sparingly embroidered with pale blue, outlined with gold; near each of the four corners of this was placed an antique silver candlestick, in which was one of those ingenious little lamps made on purpose to fit into candlesticks, and burning paraffin; the oil receptacle was in blue glass, while the light was shielded and made tender by yellow silk shades. In the centre of the table was a good-sized shell-shaped bowl of fluted white china, and symmetrically placed around it stood six low round pots of the same china, in which were arranged Japanese chrysanthemums of a delicate brown, shading to pale yellow.

Another pretty scheme for a table may be made with blue-and-white china, and a centre of palest yellow soft silk, crumpled up around the blue-and-white pots, which should be filled with large white Japanese chrysanthemums, relieved by one or two smaller yellow ones and a moderate quantity of maidenhair. If a lamp is placed on the table to give light, the shade should, of course, harmonise with the flowers and centre spread; but if gas is used, it is best not to have it turned on too full, and to add to the illumination of the table either by candlesticks holding candles placed upon the table, or by the pretty little fairy lights which are now to be had in such variety. These low-standing lights are covered with shades of many tints and shapes, from the deep red that casts a glow as from a furnace door on all around it to the clear diamond-cut uncoloured glass that throws forth a thousand white sparkles. A pretty shape in these shades is an imitation of a full-blown tulip, made in opal china, and very delicately tinted in pink. An original table-decoration recently seen had a centre of heliotrope silk, with a palm in a repoussé silver pot in the centre, a number of tulip-shaped fairy lights around, and trails of Virginian creeper, in the dozen beautiful tones it now takes on, wandering here, there, and everywhere amid the folds of the silk and wreathing the base of the lamps.

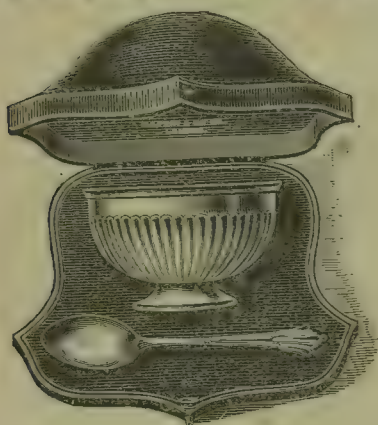
There was a wonderful display of flowers at Lady Whitehead's final reception as Lady Mayoress at the Mansion House. Many guests had sent or brought flowers to her as a memento, the bouquet that she carried being one of the friendly gifts.

It was composed of roses, gardenia, white hyacinth, and rare orchids, and tied up with a broad satin ribbon, the two long streamers being caught together near the ends and fixed with a splendid pink rose. On one of the tables was a great cornucopia in yellow pompon chrysanthemums, laid quite flat and close together, while a profusion of beautiful white flowers were wired and stood up above the cornucopia at the top, as though they were the contents of the holder. Another bouquet, a most natural-looking great bunch of heather with a thistle standing up in its midst, turned out to be artificial.

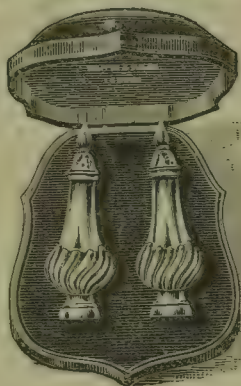
Mr. Haldane, M.P., who has undertaken the Parliamentary leadership of the enfranchisement of women, met the members and friends of the Women's Franchise League at a meeting at the Westminster Palace Hotel on Nov. 7. Mr. Woodall's Bill, which proposes to enfranchise only single women and widows, and to make marriage a disqualification, will doubtless be introduced also; but Mr. Haldane's Bill, proposing to give the suffrage to all women who possess the qualifications which entitle men to vote, without requiring from women the additional qualification of celibacy, is the one which is based on an intelligible principle, and will probably absorb the weaker and more partial measure before long. Mr. Haldane's measure is on the lines laid down by John Stuart Mill, and followed for several years by Mr. Jacob Bright. The flag which could be hopefully raised twenty years ago cannot lack supporters to-day, when by so many means women have shown that they can be trusted. We know now that women can be highly educated, can take an active part in learned professions, can be interested in public affairs, can speak from platforms, and can even in their own persons go through contested elections and fill seats on public bodies, without becoming any the less gentle and charming as women, or less desirable wives, mothers, and mistresses of homes. Mr. Haldane made a masterly speech to the meeting, pointing out the long interval that separates Women's Suffrage from practical accomplishment, but inspiring confidence in his own readiness to meet all difficulties. For my part, I have already, in the medical women question and the married women's property legislation, lived through such difficulties and seen such changes effected that I am perhaps inclined to be too optimistic.

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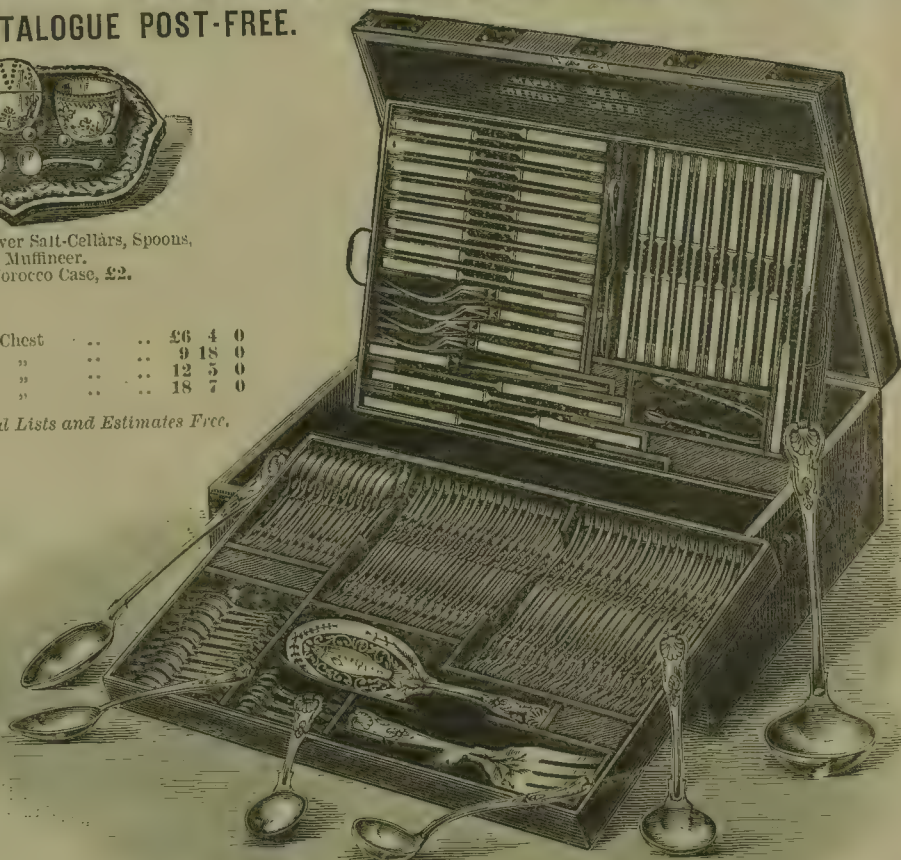
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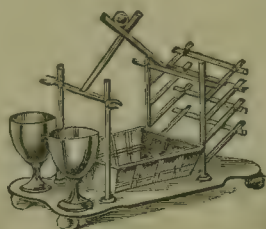
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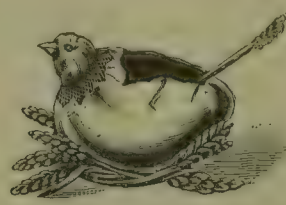
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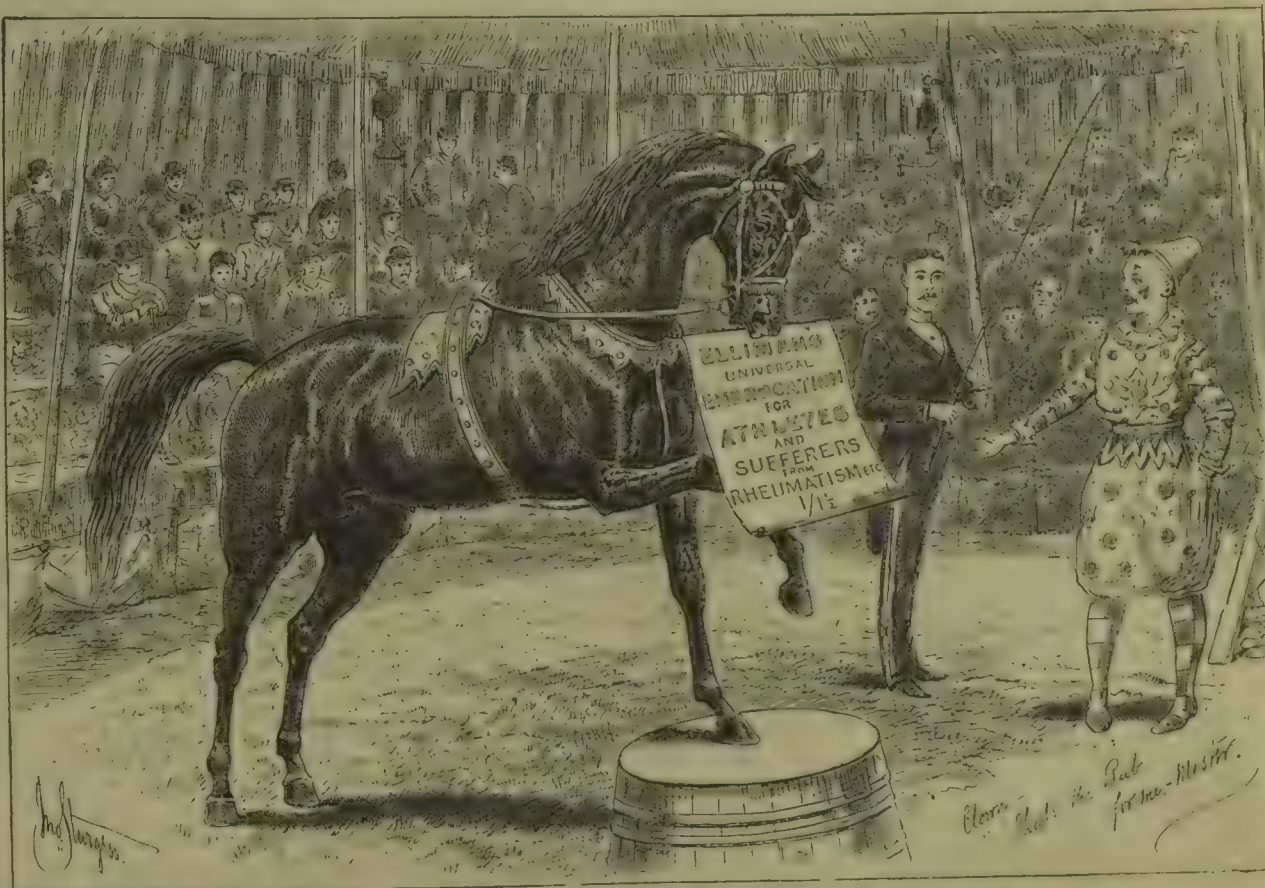
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ART EXHIBITIONS.

FINE ARTS SOCIETY.

At the Fine Arts Society's Gallery (148, New Bond-street) the exhibition of Mr. Marks's studies of bird life is now supplemented by a collection of studies of a very different kind. These are studies which in various ways have formed the ground-work or been utilised in some of the more important pictures of our leading artists. They are in water-colour, chalk, pencil, and in some few instances in silver-point etching on paper, after the manner of the old masters. But we here miss altogether the gradual development of the artists' aims and intentions, which can be followed in the Raffaele drawings, as seen at the Taylor Museum at Oxford; in those of Michael Angelo, Botticelli, and others, at the British Museum; and in those of some interesting specimens by Leonardo da Vinci exhibited a few years since at the Grosvenor Gallery. In these we were able to trace the gradual building up, as it were, of the artist's thoughts, and the adaptation of each figure to the whole composition; and, what was even more important, we could take note of his failures, and profit by his self-corrections. In the present exhibition of "studies" there is little or nothing of this sort. They are in nearly every instance finished drawings—of which the rough drafts have probably been consigned to the wastepaper basket. But such as they are they furnish some sort of a clue to each painter's method—and indicate the pitch of perfection to which each pushes his pencil-work before proceeding further. What strikes us most forcibly in this collection is the revelation it makes of the sources of an artist's thoughts. It is scarcely possible not to feel the difference which separates Sir Frederick Leighton from Professor Legros—both of whom have tendencies in common. The former never divests himself from the influence of Greek sculpture, the latter goes at once to the living model, in which he seeks the source of the Greek sculptor's power. This difference comes out strongly in such typical instances as Professor Legros's "Study for Vulcan" (42), and the President's "Study of Drapery" (97) for the picture of Greek girls playing at ball, exhibited in this year's Academy—a sketch, moreover, in which the unnatural attitude of the nearer girl is made more conspicuous, but in which the drapery, which looks impossible in the painting, is explained. The study (107), dated 1853, by Mr. G. F. Watts, is, in spite of the few lines of which it is composed, almost a finished work—the solid face of a lady, who in her way is as distinguished as the well-known silver-point Madonna of Raffaele in the British Museum—if it be permitted to compare small works with great. Mr. W. B. Richmond is another artist who shows

to great advantage in these careful studies: those, for instance, of the stone-bearers and the psalteri-players for the "Song of Miriam" (11), and the silver-point studies for the "Release of Prometheus" (7), all show very careful study both of anatomy and of the harmony of movement. Mr. E. Burne-Jones, on the other hand, is a trifle disappointing, the most attractive (18) showing little of that subtle grace which distinguishes and often redeems his painted work. In any case, however, he does not reveal himself as painfully as Mr. E. J. Poynter, who, with apparent unconcern for his reputation, allows the world to see on what a deceptive basis his reputation has been reared. If this be the art-training to which the young men and women were subjected at South Kensington, it is no wonder that they cut so sorry a figure in the art world. The contrast between these stiff and pseudo-classic figures with such a reality as Sir James Linton's full-length figure of a woman (122), apparently about to dance, is a painful reflection on the constitution of the Royal Academy. Mr. Alma Tadema's "Studies of Hands" (118) come more accurately within the usual definition of artists' "studies" intended for home use and study—but the majority of the works exhibited seem, as we have already said, more intended as presents to friends, in which the artist has endeavoured to show his finished work. Mr. Ruskin, however, contributes two real studies; one of a branch of an apple-tree with blossoms but without leaves, and the other of the capital of a pillar—apparently one of those of the Doge's Palace of Venice. In both we trace the conscientious, though somewhat pedantic, work of the great painter-philosopher; and, looking at them, we can only regret that the rest of the exhibition had been more indicative of the artists' inner life, and less suggestive of their technical finish. Nevertheless, the exhibition is, in many respects, far more attractive than half the picture shows of the day; and, although from its very nature it must prove "caviare to the general," it cannot fail to be attractive to artists, whether amateur or professional.

BURLINGTON GALLERY.

At the Burlington Gallery (27, Old Bond-street) will be found an interesting collection of pictures of American and Colonial scenery, many of which are by Colonial artists who well deserve recognition in the mother country. The chief illustrator of Canadian life and landscape is Mr. F. A. Verner, who, if we are correctly informed, began life in the service of the Hudson Bay Company. His labours, however, must have left him spare time both to learn and to observe—for not a few of his pictures show considerable skill and a very careful study of the habits of both the people and animals with whom he

was thrown into contact—as, for example, "The Ojibbawa Indians Hunting the Elk" (133), "The Wapiti at Rest" (136). Mr. E. Gouldsmith, who gives a number of pictures of New Zealand scenery, also began life in a somewhat similar way, and without the regulation artistic training. His enthusiasm carries him safely over many difficulties and pitfalls, and we are forced to recognise his claims as an interpreter of Nature, and one who occasionally is touched by a true inspiration. Among the other contributors to this interesting and, we may add, instructive exhibition are the late Mr. Allan Edgar, a distinguished member of the Royal Canadian Academy, and the late Mr. John Steeple, for both of whom the Yellowstone River and district had special attractions; Mr. Washington Friend, an American artist, who passes with ease from Niagara to the Yosemite Valley, and is especially successful in his rendering of foaming water. Other artists are less abundantly represented, but their works are sufficient to show that on the other side of the Atlantic, and on the other side of the Pacific also, there is rising up a school of painters who are preparing themselves to take full advantage of the unrivalled scenery with which Nature has so abundantly endowed their respective countries. Europe, not among the Alps, nor even in its barrier chain of the "frosty Caucasus," can offer nothing to compare with the wonderful beauty of Mount Hood or the marvellous tints of autumn on the Ottawa and in the more remote districts of the Canadian backwoods. It is our duty as citizens of this empire to make ourselves acquainted, at least, with some of the distinctive features of "Greater Britain," and this task can be pleasantly performed by a visit to this exhibition.

Intelligence has been received at St. Andrews of the death of Mr. David Berry of Coolangantta, Sydney. The deceased gentleman bequeathed £100,000 to St. Andrews University.

Messrs. Hildesheimer and Faulkner, of Jewin-street, have forwarded some charming specimens of their Christmas and New Year's cards and illustrated booklets for the approaching season, which fully maintain the high reputation gained by this firm for their graceful and quaint productions in this interesting branch of the publishing trade.

Mr. Robert Harrison, librarian of the London Library, and for many years past honorary treasurer of the Library Association of the United Kingdom, was, at the monthly meeting of the Association in Gray's Inn, presented with a gold watch and chain on his resignation of the treasurer'ship. Mr. Harrison's successor is Mr. H. R. Tedder, librarian of the Athenæum Club.



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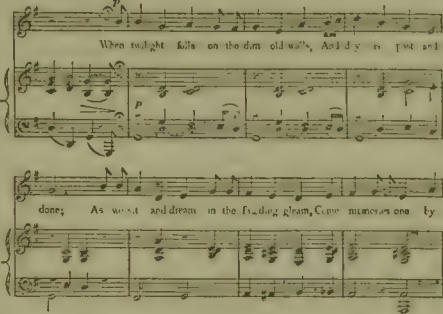
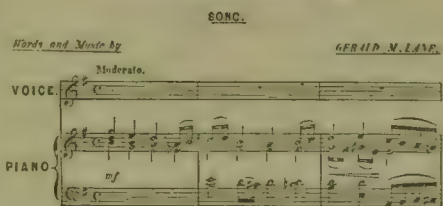
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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Dec. 10, 1884), with three codicils (dated Dec. 10, 1884; Jan. 23, 1886; and July 1, 1887), of Margaret Eyre Radcliffe Livingston Eyre, Dowager Countess of Newburgh, late of No. 35, Wilton-crescent, Belgravia, who died on Sept. 13 last, was proved on Nov. 8 by Miss Margaret Peel, the niece, and the Earl of Denbigh, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £26,000. The testatrix bequeaths £500 to the Rev. Father Galway for charitable purposes; £500 to the Rev. Mother Superior of the Roman Catholic Convent of the Sacred Heart at Roehampton; £1000 to the poor of the Roman Catholic parish of St. Mary, Cadogan-street, at the absolute discretion of the Rev. Canon Macmullen; £200 to the Roman Catholic Bishop of Southwark; £200 to the Senior Priest of the Roman Catholic Church, Horseferry-road; £400 to the Convent of Poor Clares, Edmund-terrace, Notting-hill; her residence in Wilton-crescent, with the furniture and effects not specifically bequeathed, to her said niece, Margaret Peel; and numerous pecuniary and specific bequests to sisters, nieces, friends, and servants. The residue of her property she gives to her said niece to spend in charitable purposes at her discretion.

The will (dated March 29, 1883), with a codicil (dated April 13 following), of Miss Sabina Robinson, late of Darley Dale, Upper Norwood, who died on July 29 last, was proved on Oct. 2 last by Henry Blackwell, the nephew, and Miss Harriet Meakin, the niece, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £55,000. The testatrix bequeaths £100 each to the Home for Incurables, Putney; Earlswood Idiot Asylum, the Asylum for Fatherless Children, Reedham; the London Fever Hospital, Liverpool-road, Islington; the Worn-out Wesleyan Ministers' Fund, the London City Mission, and the Wesleyan Methodist Missionary Society; £50 to ten poor persons of Chellaston, near Derby, as her executors shall think fit; £250 to the weavers and workpeople who have been or are at the time of her death in the employ of J. and W. Robinson and Co.; her residence Darley Dale, with the furniture and effects, to her niece, Harriet Meakin; considerable legacies to nephews and nieces; and numerous other legacies. The residue of her real and personal estate she leaves equally to her said nephew and niece, Henry Blackwell and Harriet Meakin, as tenants in common.

The will (dated Feb. 28, 1888) of Mrs. Selina Mackinlay, late of No. 7, Earl's-terrace, Kensington, who died on Aug. 7 last, was proved on Nov. 6 by the Rev. Charles Tabor Ackland, the son-in-law, and Miss Maria Mackinlay, the daughter, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £38,000. The testatrix bequeaths £100 to her nephew, Sydney Robins; and £1000 to her sister-in-law, Lydia M. Dobree. The residue of her personal estate and all her real estate (if any) she leaves to all her children in equal shares, but certain sums advanced to several of her children are to be brought into account in the division.

The will (dated Oct. 10, 1884), with a codicil (dated Nov. 7, 1887), of Admiral Richard Aldworth Oliver, late of No. 38, Grove End-road, who died on Sept. 13, was proved on Oct. 31 by Algernon Bathurst and Captain Richard John Erskine Oliver-Bellasis, the son, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £25,000. The testator bequeaths £50 to each of his executors; such articles, to the value of £150, as he may select to his said son; and legacies to servants.

The residue of his real and personal estate, and also the trust funds of his marriage settlement, he gives to his five children Flora, Algernon Hardy, Robert Dudley, Godfrey Ryder, and Charles Augustus. He states that he does not make any provision for his eldest son, Captain Oliver-Bellasis, as he is already amply provided for under the will of his uncle, Augustus Fortunatus Bellasis.

The will (dated Sept. 23, 1889) of the Rev. William Luke Nichols, late of Woodlands, Somersetshire, who died on Sept. 25, was proved on Nov. 2 by Adolphus Frederic Nichols, the brother and sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £21,000. The testator bequeaths £1000 to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts; £100 each to the London Church Mission and the Church of England Waifs and Strays Society, No. 32, Charing-cross; £50 each to the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals and the London Society for the Relief of Heart Disease; £20 each to the Mineral Hospital and the General Hospital, Bath; £20 to the Bath Literary Club; £10 each to the Bridgewater Infirmary, Taunton Hospital, and the Wells Diocesan Fund; and a few other legacies. He directs that the erection of the tower of the church at Gosport shall be completed at the expense of his estate, and that the cost of the peal of six bells and of fixing the same shall also be paid out of his estate. The residue of his property he leaves to his said brother.

The will (dated June 3, 1889) of Mr. Thomas John Domville Taylor, late of Arnold House, No. 48, Buckingham-road, Brighton, who died on Sept. 14, at Trouville-road, Clapham Common, was proved on Nov. 1 by Harry Walter Nix and Julian Tregenna Biddulph Arnold, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £19,000. The testator bequeaths £100 to the Royal National Life-Boat Institution; £100 to each of his executors; certain family pictures and silver plate, and the silver racing cup left to him by his late godfather, Lord Amesbury, to his brother, Captain Robert Maxie Taylor; and the remainder of his plate, pictures, books, furniture, and household effects, an immediate legacy of £200, and a further legacy of £4000, to his wife, Mrs. Charlotte Taylor. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then as she shall appoint.

The will (dated Nov. 9, 1861), with a codicil (dated Feb. 20, 1886), of Dame Edwina Augusta Ferguson-Davie, late of Creed Park, Devon, and Bittescombe Manor, Somersetshire, who died on Aug. 15 last, at Dromore, Maidenhead, was proved on Nov. 2 by Sir John Davie Ferguson-Davie, Bart., the husband and sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £13,000. The testatrix, out of the rents and income of the Derylls estate, Carmarthen-shire, and other real estate settled on her by the will of her father, Sir James Williams, Bart., appoints £1000 per annum to her husband. She gives a house at Portis Cliff, Ferryside, Carmarthen-shire, with the furniture and effects, to her nephew, Francis Dudley Williams Drummond; and there are some specific gifts to her nephew, Sir James Williams Drummond, Bart. The residue of her real and personal estate, including any property over which she has a power of appointment, she leaves to her husband.

The will (dated March 3, 1888), with a codicil (dated July 14 following), of Mr. John Blount Price, J.P., late of No. 8, Highbury-hill, Islington, who died on Sept. 16, at East-

bourne, was proved on Nov. 1 by Miss Mary Price, the daughter, Henry Jackson Torr, Cecil Torr, and William Holman Hunt, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £12,000. With the exception of two or three legacies, the testator leaves all his real and personal estate, including his copyholds at Newmarket and Islington, upon trust, for his three daughters, Edith, Mary, and Amy, and their children.

Mr. Charles Morley presided over a large assembly at the Lambeth Baths on Nov. 9, the occasion being the inauguration of the twenty-eighth series of winter meetings. Lord Kinnaird, Mr. W. A. McArthur, M.P., Mr. Haggis, Deputy Chairman of the London County Council, and others took part in the proceedings.

Processions from various parts of London met in Hyde Park on Sunday afternoon, Nov. 10, and held a demonstration in support of the operative bakers, who threaten to strike. Mr. Burns and others addressed the gathering, and at each of the platforms a resolution was passed in favour of the men's demands.

Mr. Frederick D. Mocatta having promised a further donation of £50 to the Paddington Free Public Library, Mr. Stewart Pixley, J.P., Mr. Nathaniel Cohen, and Mr. John Aird, M.P., have each promised five guineas, and the Skinners' Company twenty-five guineas, towards this library, which is carried on entirely by voluntary aid.

Mr. James Hornsby, of the firm of Messrs. Richard Hornsby and Sons, of Grantham, has accepted an invitation to contest the borough in the Unionist interest at the next election, the present member, Mr. Malcolm Low, M.P., having intimated his intention, on account of ill-health, not to seek re-election. The Liberal candidate is Mr. J. W. Mellor, Q.C., formerly member for the borough.

The Royal Astronomical Society commenced on Nov. 8 its sessional meeting with a number of interesting technical papers. The Astronomer Royal (Mr. W. H. M. Christie) was in the chair. The communications of more general interest were the exhibition of the careful drawing of the Milky Way made during a period of five years by Mr. Boeddicker and lent by Lord Rosse, chiefly with the view of receiving the opinions of astronomers as to the best mode of its reproduction for publication. In the note which described it, the author made reference to the remarkable wisps of luminous matter which seemed to stretch out to various nebulae and distant stars. In a short note by Mr. Tebbutt on double stars, remarks were made on the more recent researches of the Rev. Professor Prichard on the parallax and proper motions of double stars of the second magnitude, from which, and the discussion which followed, the conclusion was apparently arrived at that, neither by these means, any more than by comparative brightness to the eye, could any general grouping of the stellar worlds into zones of nearness or distance be made. Father Perry, of Stonyhurst, gave an account of some spots observed during the past summer and autumn in the southern latitudes of the sun, and which, being apparently on the increase, indicate that the minimum of activity has now been passed, as it was, ten years ago, in 1879. It being announced that Father Perry was leaving for the observation of the approaching eclipse of the sun at Cayenne, the good wishes of the society were warmly accorded him. The meeting was concluded by a notice of some ancient passages relating to Babylonian astronomy in the year 123 B.C.

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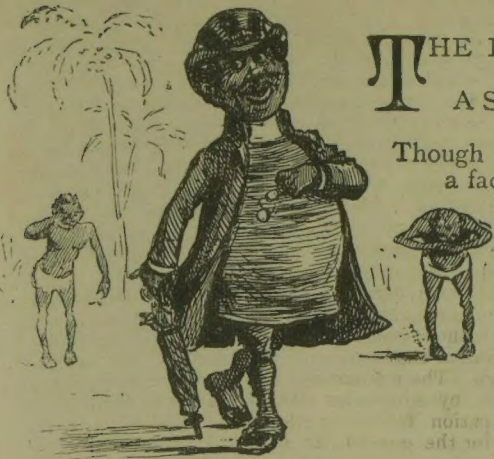
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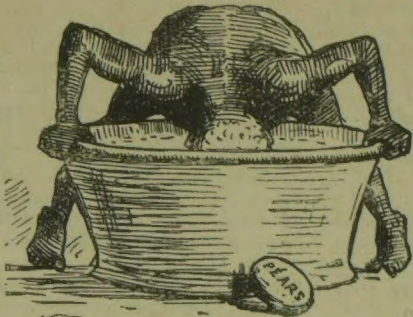
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THE Bishop Q., of Wangaloo, in Unpacific Seas,
A Service fair, conducted there, in dignity and ease;
Though white within, and free from sin, it was a fact that he
Unto the eye, externally, was black as black could be.

The Bishop Q., of Wangaloo, beloved was of all,
The Unpacific residents, his people great and small,
They often said, "A Bishop bred, and born of native stock
Is fitter than another man to guide a native flock."



THEN Bishop Q., of Wangaloo, (his present safe to hand),
With visage bright, and spirits light, as any in the land,
And grateful heart, did now depart upon his homeward path,
And arm'd with hope, and PEAR'S' Soap, repair'd unto his bath.



With bow polite, complexion white, and hands of lily hue,
And noble mien, he did convene that Unpacific crew:

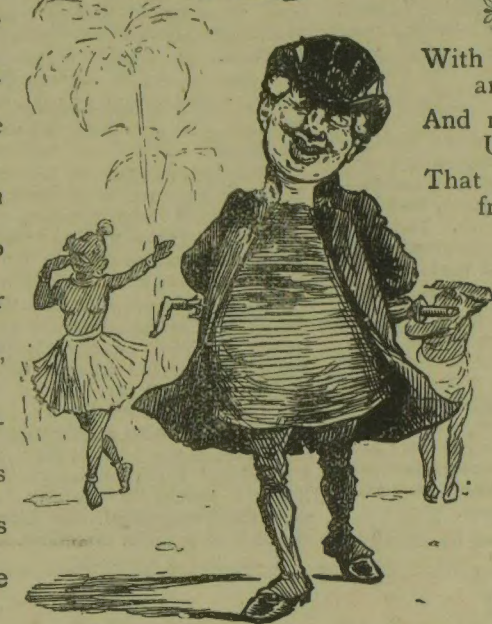
That sable flock of native stock, who, frighten'd and amaz'd,
For pardon to the Bishop Q. their supplications raised.

And thus with hope, and PEAR'S' Soap, and bath and water plain,
The love of all, both great and small, the Bishop did regain.
And now without a care or doubt, his features wreath'd in smiles,
Lives Bishop Q., of Wangaloo, in Unpacific Isles.



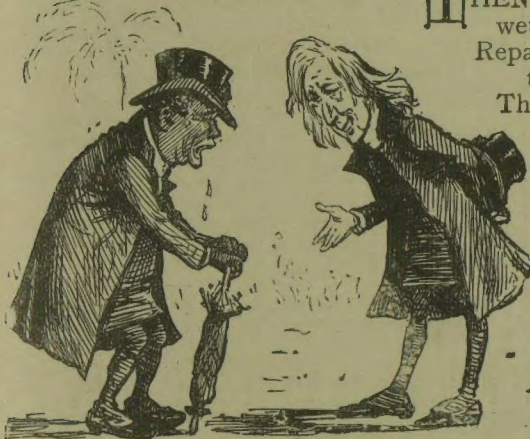
BUT Oh! Alas! a dreadful pass he came to on the day
That Bishop Brown, of Monkeytown, a visit came to pay;
Whose features fair and silver hair, their fancy quickly gain'd,
Whose tuneful voice, and learning choice, affection soon obtained.

The natives all, both great and small, admitted with a groan,
That Bishop Brown, of Monkeytown, was better than their own;
That though they knew that Bishop Q. was pure and free from guile,
He must arrange to make a change, and leave his native isle.



WHEN Bishop Q., of Wangaloo, his visage wet with tears,
Repair'd to Brown, of Monkeytown, to intimate his fears
That base and rude ingratitude, and unbecoming slight,
Would bleach with care, his aged hair, because he wasn't white.

Said Bishop Brown, of Monkeytown, "Although a grievous case,
I'll guarantee, if you'll agree, to change your nigger face,
That you'll obtain their love again, so buoy yourself with hope,
And I'll give you a cake or two of PEAR'S' Transparent Soap."



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From maxims sage, of greatest age, we're led to understand.
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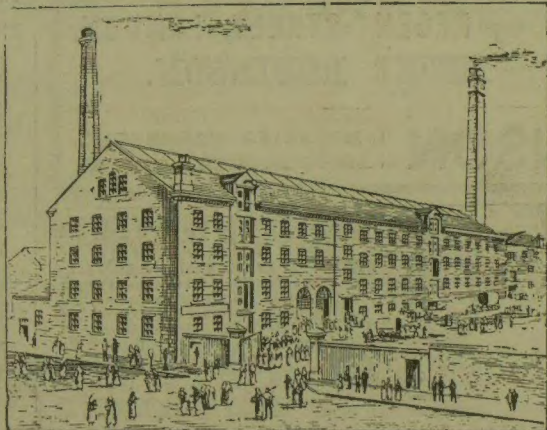
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MUSIC.

The second of the Saturday afternoon Popular Concerts at St. James's Hall, on Nov. 9, included the first appearance here this season of Sir Charles Hallé. The eminent pianist's chief performance was in Beethoven's sonata in E minor, Op. 90 (rendered with great refinement); in addition to which he was associated with Madame Néruda in Schumann's sonata for piano and violin, Op. 105, and with the lady and Signor Piatti in Beethoven's characteristic variations on the humorous song "Ich bin der Schneider Kakadu." Madame Néruda was again the leader of the quartet party, the other members of which were—also as before—MM. Ries, Straus, and Piatti. Dvorák's string quartet in E major, Op. 80, opened the concert. This elaborate and highly characteristic work was given at the opening evening concert of the present season, and was "repeated by desire." The afternoon concert now referred to included songs by Professor Stanford and Schubert, sung with refined expression by Miss L. Lehmann; Mr. Frantzen having again been the accompanist.—At the evening concert of the following Monday, the instrumentalists were the same as on the preceding Saturday, the selection consisting of works too familiar to call for detailed notice. The vocalist on this occasion was Miss M. Hall; the accompanist, Miss M. Carmichael.

The fourth of a new series of Saturday afternoon concerts at the Crystal Palace included Madame Falk-Mehlig's very artistic performance of Beethoven's fifth pianoforte concerto—that in E flat known as the "Emperor," a title justly bestowed on a work of superlative grandeur and dignity. The only novelty of the day was a bright and characteristic orchestral "Rhapsody" by M. Lalo. Very effective vocal performances were contributed by Madame Nordica; other items of the concert not calling for specification.

The second concert of the nineteenth season of the Royal Choral Society, on Nov. 13, was appropriated to Professor Stanford's setting of Lord Tennyson's lines "The Voyage of Maeldune" and Dr. Parry's music to Pope's "Ode on St. Cecilia's Day"; this being their first hearing in London. As both the works were noticed on the occasion of their first production at the recent Leeds Festival, it is unnecessary now to offer any comment. Their great success at Leeds naturally led to their speedy introduction to other audiences.

The "Musical Guild," an institution formed by students

and ex-students of the Royal College of Music, has entered on a second series of concerts at the Kensington Townhall; the first of the new series of performances having been announced for Nov. 12, with an excellent selection of chamber music.

An important addition to our winter music was made on November 14 by the resumption of Mr. Henschel's "London Symphony Concerts," at St. James's Hall. The programme was of strong interest, having included Bach's orchestral "Suite" in D, a symphony by Haydn, Brahms's first symphony, and Beethoven's overture to "Egmont."

Miss Mathilde Wurm, an estimable pianist, gave an evening concert at Princes' Hall on Nov. 12, when her programme included her own and her sister's clever pianoforte-playing and other attractions.

Mr. Augustus Harris has negotiated and secured, on the part of the Carl Rosa Opera Company, the exclusive right, for this country, of performing Gounod's "Faust" in any language. This arrangement will include the power of producing the Walpurgis-Night scene, which could not, hitherto, be given in England.

Mr. John Harrold, assistant secretary to the London Fever Hospital, has been appointed secretary to the Royal Hospital for Diseases of the Chest, City-road.

The first meeting of the Royal Botanic Society, Regent's Park, since the recess was held on Nov. 9, Mr. John Birkett in the chair. A large number of interesting donations were exhibited at the meeting, as well as several specimen chrysanthemums from the collection now in full flower in the glass corridor and conservatory in the society's gardens.

The first concert of the twenty-third season of the Brompton Hospital entertainments was given on Nov. 5 by Mdle. Alice Roselli, assisted by Mrs. Welman, Miss B. Renwick, Miss Nicholson, Miss Augusta Hervey (pianoforte), Miss Maud Welman (reciter), Mr. James A. Borett, Mr. Frank Farren, and Mr. Lazarus (clarinet).—On Tuesday, the 12th, Miss Mary Howell organised the programme, which embraced the talents of Miss Florence Wright, Miss Ada Brown, Miss Mary Howell, Miss Mabel Howell (pianoforte), Mr. Kirkby Campbell, Mr. Heseltine Owen, Mr. Frederic Upton (reciter). Both evenings were most successful, and gave much pleasure to the large audience of patients assembled on each occasion.

THE ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

The first evening meeting of the session 1889-90 of the Royal Geographical Society was held on Nov. 11 in the theatre of the University of London, Sir M. E. Grant-Duff, the president, in the chair. The Chairman said the geographical events of the recess had not been of great importance, if he excepted the mission of Mr. Stanley—(cheers)—in which they were all much interested. It had been thought by the council that it would be agreeable to that meeting if one of the secretaries were briefly to explain the telegram which had recently appeared in the newspapers.—Mr. Freshfield said there was little that he could do, except to point out on the map the route briefly described in the telegram. The only point of interest was that the Lake Lota Nzige, called by Mr. Stanley Lake Albert Edward, which on an earlier journey he called the Beatrice Gulf, believing it to be a part of the Albert Nyanza, was now found to be connected with the Nile.

Lieutenant-General Sir Robert Biddulph, late High Commissioner for Cyprus, then read a paper on that island, illustrated with maps and dissolving views. It described in detail the geographical features of the country, and insisted on the importance of the necessity for a comprehensive scheme of water storage. The ancient and historic forests of Cyprus, largely thinned by Alexander the Great and during the Egyptian occupation for the building of ships, and afterwards for fuel for the mines, also deserved attention. Their destruction dated from modern times, the three causes being fitful cultivation, fire, and the grazing of goats. The forests were now confined to the mountain ranges, and threatened to disappear altogether. With the forests had gone the soil, and with the disappearance of the soil had come the locusts. The campaign against these latter was described, Sir Robert Biddulph stating that the concentration of the work under one Government department had had the effect of ridding the country of a pest which caused a yearly loss of £80,000. Now it was only necessary to prevent the few locusts that annually appeared from increasing so as to make fresh head again. Cyprus was essentially a land of peasant proprietors, and subdivision was carried out to such an extent that there were 160,000 holdings of real property. He expatiated on the beauties of the scenery and the healthfulness of the climate, stating that he could conscientiously recommend it to those who wished to escape from England during the trying months from January to April.

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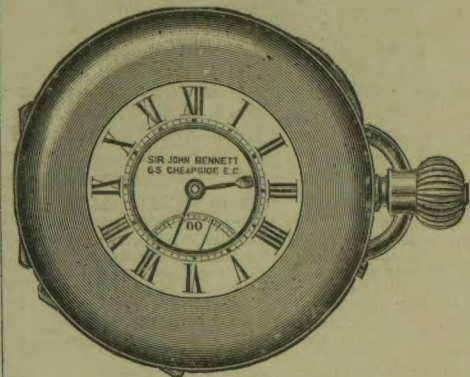
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